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DESPOTIC.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

If any other love can be
Dear to you as the love of me
Go free!

If any other's winsome art
Can stir a fibre of your heart,
Depart!

If you feel not my love intense
Enough to be your recompense,
Go hence!

My love despotic is in sway,
If you shrink from it, go your way
For aye!

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE did not see the dangerous tenderness in his eyes, and most certainly she did not guess, as a girl who knew the world would have done, how the witchery of the moonlit hour and all the sweet entrancing influences of silence and soft tuse were drawing the man on slowly but surely towards unforeseen and deadly perils.

"What I wanted to know," she began slowly; and then she broke off, half laughing. "Ah, but that question is too serious! First answer me another if you can. Do you remember the day I came here?"

Was he ever likely to forget it? He nodded.

"Well, in the brougham that brought me away from Mayfield somebody had put me—oh, I cannot tell you how many nice things—flowers and books and a dainty lunch, and everything on earth you can think of!"

"Well?"

"Well, I thought it must have been Lady Elwyn who had been so kind, and I thanked her."

"What did she say?" he asked, laughing aloud.

"She told me that it was Gorman; but, when I spoke to Gorman, she denied it, and was very mysterious."

"Yes?"

"Well, do you think it could have been Miss Maitland, Sir Adrian?"

"Most certainly not," he replied decidedly.

"I am glad of that," she said, drawing a breath of relief, "because I am afraid of her, and I should have disliked having to thank her—that is because I am silly and nervous, no doubt. But, Sir Adrian, who was it then?"

"You ask me too many questions, little woman."

A silence. Kathleen's heart beat so fast, she was almost afraid he would hear it. Their footsteps fell lightly upon the path, a great stag-beetle boomed blunderingly by them, a night-jar cried out in the park beyond.

"I think I am answered," said the girl at last very softly. "How am I to thank you? Tell me."

How did it come to pass? Kathleen could never quite remember. There was a bewildering moment of chaos, an arm that held her close, a fevered voice that whispered in her ear—

"This is how you can thank me, child!"

After that, chaos again, maddest joy, horror-stricken dismay, lips that just touched the proffered bliss and then shrank away tremblingly; and after all a dead silence, and two conscience smitten creatures standing apart from each other and looking with something like terror each into the other's white and frightened face.

"I ought not to have come out!" wailed the girl, as she hid her face in her hands—for the serpent of knowledge had entered into her Eden, and her eyes were opened both to good and to evil.

"Forgive me!" murmured Adrian shamefacedly. "It was all my fault—I will never forget myself so again."

But neither did that promise console in the very least; for she knew that she loved him.

Like scales from her eyes fell the film of girlhood's experience, and the woman's heart awakened by the swift touch of his kiss upon her lips, could never sleep nor be lulled into false peace any more.

He took her hand and as in a dream they walked on together.

"Ask me that question now," he said at last, in order to break the terrible silence between them—"that other question which you said was too serious a one to begin with. What was it, Kathleen?"

She shivered a little. That other question that ten short minutes before had seemed so light a one to put had now become of vital importance to her.

"It was only," she began; and then impetuously the tempest at her heart burst in a torrent of words from her lips. "It is about her. Why, if you are engaged to Miss Maitland—why does not your marriage to her take place? When is it to be? Will it not be soon? You are both young and rich and—and you love each other. What are you waiting for?"

"I see," he answered, after a moment's pause, "that you do not know all the circumstances of our engagement. Gorman might have enlightened you upon the subject. Miss Maitland, by the terms of her father's will, is not allowed to marry until she is one-and-twenty; if she were to do so, she would forfeit the thirty thousand pounds which he bequeathed to her. We cannot be married for three years."

"But surely you are rich enough to marry her at once—you have enough for both! Why does she submit to such a sentence when she might secure her happiness immediately?"

"What—and forfeit her thirty thousand pounds? You don't understand Lucille Maitland, that is very evident! Yes, I could certainly marry her to-morrow, as far as that goes! But Lucille is not a person to sacrifice one penny for pure sentiment; she is a great deal too fond of all that money brings not to regard it as the most important thing in the world. It suits us both to wait; she is very young—only eighteen—and I am but six-and-twenty. And it is something, is it not, to have three whole years of bachelorhood before me still?"—and he turned to her joyously.

"Three whole years!" Kathleen repeated his words slowly but drearily, and to herself she said, "How am I to bear it for three years?" Her only chance seemed to be that he would marry and be happy, and go away out of her life at once. In that would lie safety and peace. But three years! The thought of it was terrible. "And at twenty-one she will be able to marry you if she likes?"—and, like a voice from the world she had left behind her for ever, she seemed to hear Tom Darley saying again to her, "When you are twenty-one, you will be able to marry me—it is the law of the land."

"At twenty-one," answered Sir Adrian lightly, "Lucille may have changed her mind, and may give me my liberty back again; she is capable of it—she is so changeable."

"Will she, do you think?" cried Kathleen, looking up with a tell-tale eagerness.

"Well," he said, laughing uneasily, and contemplating the ash at the end of his cigar—"no. If you ask me honestly, I don't think she will."

"And you are bound to her?"

"I am bound to her, as you say—hand and foot, soul and body. Unless Lucille Maitland changes her mind, I shall marry her on the day she is one-and-twenty." He did not look in the least like a happy lover as he said these words. It was more like a condemned man alluding to his final doom than a bridegroom speaking of his wedding-day.

Kathleen walked by his side with a bent head and averted eyes. Lucille Maitland would not change her mind—of that she was certain. Probably she loved him—undoubtedly he was necessary to her welfare—and in any case handsome young baronets who were well off and agreeable were not picked up every day. It was not at all likely that she would change her mind.

"Anyhow, I have three years before me," he said presently. "Dear little Kathleen, I wish I had known you long ago—I wish—— But it is no use wishing, is it?"

He drew her hand within his arm. All Miss Maitland's queenly beauty and grace failed to attract him as much as this little dark-eyed girl with the shy smile and the diffident manner. He did not realize in the very least that he had already won her heart; but he certainly understood that this moonlight walk was a dangerous amusement for himself, and that the charm she was beginning to exercise over him was one which in honor and in good faith it would be as well for him to break through at once ere it became too difficult for him to shake himself free from it.

They had reached the farthest end of the walled garden. Here handsome gates of antique ironwork, which were always kept locked, and had not been opened for many years, afforded a glimpse beyond them of the slopes of the park, and silent glades of oaks and beeches that threw deep shadows upon the white moonlit ground. Up and down the path in front of this old iron gateway Adrian and Kathleen passed and repassed several times; it was far from the house and secluded from a possible watcher at any of the windows; and the young man, who was perfectly aware of the aspect in which this moonlight ramble would be regarded by his betrothed and her aunt, experienced a sense of security here which he had not been able wholly to feel in the path by which he had reached this spot, which had been more or less commanded by some of the upper windows of the Castle.

So, playing with the temptation, he walked lingeringly, his hand linked to her arm, his face bent often towards hers. He certainly did not make love to her again, but he talked to her in a tender and kindly manner, made her tell him all her troubles, of the coldness and want of sympathy shown her by Lady Elwyn, of her invincible horror of her father's past conduct to her dead mother, and even of the wide gulf which seemed to yawn between herself and Lucille Maitland, which she vaguely felt that no effort on her part could ever succeed in bridging over.

Then he promised to help her, to post a letter for her to her friends at Mayfield, and to try to make the women kinder to her; and he advised her to regard her father's advances to her in a more filial spirit.

He gave her very good advice indeed—there could not be a doubt about that; and yet all the time she was sinking at every instant deeper and deeper into the sweet treacherous waters of deadly peril, and he was playing with a fire which, once kindled, it would be hard indeed to quench.

Sir Adrian Devereil was not all bad-natured or deliberately dishonorable in all that he did on that fatal night; he was only exceedingly weak and easily led away by the passing influence of the hour.

Just as six months before, with no particular forethought and no fixity of purpose, he had been led, in the heat of a crowded ball room and the excitement of an after-supper dance with a beautiful woman, into saying words to her which had bound his fate irrevocably to hers, so now the charm and the novelty he discovered in Kathleen Elwyn made him forget all save the witchery of her presence and the witchery of her presence and the fascination which she most unconsciously exercised over him.

Many a time since he had bitterly regretted those rash words by which, led on by Lucille's superior will and determination, he had offered his hand to her in the throng of that brilliant ball-room; for, much as he admired her, greatly as she influenced him, fondly even as he sometimes thought of her, he knew very well at the bottom of his heart that not only was she utterly unsalculated to make him happy, but that also she would never so completely fill his heart as to render him incapable of loving any one else.

Adrian had been very well contented with his lot hitherto, but whether he would continue to be so after this moonlight ramble in the Clortell kitchen-garden with Kathleen Elwyn was more than doubtful. His eyes were not yet perhaps quite opened to the whole extent of the danger he ran.

He knew of course that he ought not to have kissed her, but he tried to believe that he had done her no harm by his caress. She was so small, so soft, so child-like—to pet her, and even to kiss her, seemed but a simple and perfectly natural thing. No doubt she had thought very little of it. Her position was lonely and desolate; nobody but himself had been considerate to her, and she had thrown herself very thoroughly and childishly upon his kindness.

Every day during the fortnight she had been amongst them he had watched her narrowly and curiously.

He had recognized, as her father had done, the stamp of inbred nobility in her uncultured grace and delicacy of feeling; he had seen how sensitively she shrank from the harsh censure of her mother and from the contemptuous neglect of his own imperious Lucille; and he admired the tact with which she had often turned the cruel words that had been levelled at her and the perfect sweetness of temper which had made her seem not to see much that had been unfeeling and unkind.

And so he reasoned with his conscience that, he being her only friend, it was but right that he should see her alone and assure her of the fact, and that she, being such a child, must be certainly proof against any sensation save that of infantine gratitude for the kindness shown to her. So they walked up and down, he holding her still by the arm and she leaning unconsciously a little more than was absolutely necessary against the strong shoulder that was so near to her.

She was very happy in spite of everything—poor deluded little Kathleen!—happy with the blind, insane, and utterly unreasoning happiness which is the privilege of first love in its earliest stages. What did it matter that he was doomed to marry Lucille Maitland, that he probably loved that damsel in a decorous and orthodox fashion, that to-morrow he would no

doubt be hanging dutifully over her again as usual? Was not to-night her own, and was he not with her now, and were they not alone in the moonlight together—alone and all in all to each other?

Some four or five times they might have passed in this lover-like fashion in front of the old iron gates, looking neither to the left nor to the right, but only at each other, when suddenly something—some vague instinct, some curious electric current perhaps—caused Kathleen to look round at the gates as she passed by them.

There was the curious twisted scroll-work ending in floriated branches and creatures half-dragon, half-sphinx; there were the rusty bars, the ancient lock, the tall stone pillars on either side surmounted by broken lions that snarled at each other continually over moss-grown shields, carved with all the family arms and quarterings, upon which their fore-paws had rested for generations; and beyond the bars of the gate there were the moon-swept slopes of the park, and the trees in silent masses, and the soft dusky wood-crowned hills behind—and something else—surely there was something else too!

There—close behind those rustic iron traceries—something pale and weird that gleamed whitely out of the deep shadow, and seemed to crouch and to cower for shelter behind the corner of the stone pillar!

A sickening terror seized the girl, a fear that paralyzed her heart with a grip of ice. She wrenched herself wildly from Adrian's hand and arm.

"What is it, Kathleen?" he said, with mild surprise.

But she stood still, transfixed, with blanched face and wide staring eyes of horror.

"Look, look!" she whispered. "Do you not see? There is a face just outside the gates—there is someone there watching us! Look, look—there is something dark moving away in the shadow! Ah, it is gone!"

"My dear child, you are nervous; there is nobody. It must be your fancy—the flicker of the moon probably upon those alder-bushes outside," he said, walking close up to the gates and looking out where all was silent and dark. "There is nobody there at all," he said coming back to her; "besides, who should be there at this hour? The men about the place have all gone home; the gardeners are probably snoring in their beds; and no poacher would be hanging about the kitchen-garden so near to the house. There was nobody."

She was walking back rapidly towards the Castle. He had some difficulty in keeping pace with her.

There was something fixed and strange in her face. She was still very pale, and even her lips were colorless. Nevertheless she answered him quietly and without agitation.

"You are no doubt right—it was my mistake of course—a momentary fancy. As you say, it is impossible that anybody could have been there. These moonlit nights are often deceptive—one fancies things that do not exist."

But for all that, as he glanced uneasily at her, he felt perfectly certain that she was not in the least convinced, and that she still believed that someone had been there watching them.

"It is time I went in," she said. "Let me go on through the gun-room window, where you told me to come out, and you can follow. Good night—good-bye!"

He held out his hand to her, but she was gone, flitting on in front of him like a white spirit, until she disappeared from his sight within the shadow of the house.

After she was gone, he had the curiosity to go back again to the old iron gates and to examine most carefully the appearance of the ground outside.

But there were some rough stones upon the threshold, and not a trace of a foot-mark could he see; nor was there the faintest indication that any living creature had been there.

"It might have been some animal—a stray cow or one of the young foals wandering about," he muttered—"and anyhow, unless it was her ladyship or my fair Lucille, I do not see that it matters very much;" and he shrugged his shoulders over the business and finished his cigar in peace.

But up-stairs upon her bed Kathleen Elwyn lay for hours sleepless and open-eyed, tossing restlessly and miserably from side to side. Her heart, which had only so lately awakened to a knowledge of its own sweet secret, was numb and cold with a great and horrible fear.

Yesterday this would have been as nothing to her, but to-day it had come upon her with an overpowering weight; for yesterday Adrian Deverell was almost a stranger to her, whilst to-day she loved him with her heart and soul!

And it was her love which rendered her vulnerable, for it was through her love that she could be stricken with a mortal blow.

What was it that Tom had said to her?

"If ever I hear of any man making up to you, I will kill that man, whoever he may be—kill him as I would kill the vermin in the fields!"

The words seemed to dance before her eyes in letters of fire. He had meant them. There was nothing exaggerated about them. He was not a man to indulge in threats which he was never likely to carry out.

She seemed to see his face before her in the darkness, with the savage gleam in the sombre eyes and the dark murder-shadow across the gloomy brows—the face that would never relent towards a rival nor be merciful in its vengeance—the face of Tom Darley as she had seen it an hour back, peering stealthily through the rusty iron-work of the old gateway at the bottom of the kitchen-garden.

CHAPTER VII.

BREAKFAST at Clortell Towers was apt to be a somewhat depressing meal. Everybody ate in separate and gloomy seclusion, buried in his or her private occupations.

On the morning after Kathleen's nocturnal adventures in the kitchen-garden this seemed to be even more the order of things than usual.

Everybody was at the table save Sir Adrian, who never came down to breakfast until long after everybody else had finished and gone away. Lord Elwyn sat completely hidden behind the sheets of the *Times*, which were propped up against a silver dish before him, and, waited upon by his own valet, devoured sundry things behind it in absolute silence as well as in actual concealment. Lady Elwyn, at the opposite end of the long table, opened one after another of a pile of letters which lay beside her tea cup, reading some and laying down others unread for future consideration, nibbling the while at a piece of toast, or trifling, without looking at it, with a daintily-disguised compound of eggs and ham upon her plate. The upper-footman, standing behind her chair, waited upon her with unremitting attention. The under-footman's place was behind Miss Maitland, who also had her correspondence—shoals of letters and notes in gold-monogrammed envelopes, and very often tiny boxes from jewellers with presents or purchases sent from town to her. Simpkins hovered about at the long side-board behind, where he poured out the tea and coffee and dispensed the hot delicacies to each member of the family as they were required.

Kathleen alone had no attendant servitor to minister specially to her wants, and never had any correspondence to occupy her thoughts.

She used to look about from one to another and wonder at the dulness of it all—how different from the jolly breakfast-hour at the Farm, with good Mrs. Dobson pouring out the tea for everybody and the farmer helping the steaming fried bacon and eggs fresh from the fire! There everybody talked and laughed and nobody read the newspapers, and a letter—if one chanced to arrive—was handed around the table as a natural curiosity. At Clortell Kathleen had nothing to do but to eat and to look at other people, and to wonder where all the letters came from, and how in the world there were so many people who had nothing better to do than to indite those long close-written pages to Lady Elwyn and to her niece.

On this morning Kathleen could not help remarking that Lucille received a very pretty bangle in a jeweller's velvet case, and that there was a little diamond heart hanging from it—that she peeped at it almost surreptitiously, and then quietly shut up the case again, after which she covered it over carelessly with some other letters and with the pages of a weekly illustrated magazine, as if she did not want it to be noticed. Also, there was one of her letters which made her blush a great deal while she was reading it, and which she crumpled up and thrust into her pocket as soon as she had finished it.

Kathleen noticed all this without understanding in the very least what was the meaning of it.

Then Lady Elwyn made a remark. As nobody spoke at breakfast, the stray observation sounded like a pistol-shot through the silence of the room.

"The Colonel is coming down next week, Edward," said her ladyship, addressing her husband.

"Oh, that's all right!" replied her lord, lowering his paper for half a second. "Which day does he come?"

"On Tuesday; he will come again later for the shooting, he says, but he wishes to talk over the party with you and to settle about the dogs and keepers."

Lord Elwyn uttered a grunt, not altogether of satisfaction, and returned to his newspaper.

The Colonel was a person whom Kathleen had heard mentioned more than once in a casual manner; but, beyond the fact that he was her father's first cousin and the heir to the title, she knew nothing whatever about him.

Lady Elwyn opened another letter, and nobody else spoke.

Kathleen had finished her breakfast, and was just wondering whether Sir Adrian would ever come down, whether she dared linger on at the table until he came, or whether she would go out and hang about the hall just for a glimpse of his face on his way down-stairs, when she noticed a slight disturbance amongst the men-servants.

A message had been brought to the dining-room door, which, after some whispered words, the great Mr. Simpkins took upon himself to deliver to his master.

"There is a man, my lord, who has been waiting in the gun-room for an hour. He is very anxious to see your lordship as soon as you are at liberty to speak to him."

"In the gun-room? Who is he? What does he want?"

"He came in answer to your advertisement, I believe, my lord—after the under-keeper's place."

"Oh! What is he like?"

"I have not seen him, my lord; it was James as showed him into the gun-room before you came down-stairs. It seems he is in a 'urry like."

"Hang him! Let him go if he's in a hurry. I dare say he wouldn't suit me. What is he like, James?"

The footman came forward. All this time Kathleen had heard without hearing as it were, and had listened without paying any attention.

Then James spoke up.

"He's a superior-looking sort of chap, my lord, but with rather a sulky-looking face—not bad-looking exactly either—with black hair rather rough, and black eyes, tall, and has broad shoulders—looks like a keeper, or almost like a farmer."

At this answer Kathleen looked up suddenly.

Every vestige of color left her face, and her heart began to beat fast, while she thought to herself, "Why should Tom Darley come after the keeper's place?"

"Well, I'd better see the fellow," said Lord Elwyn.

He drank up his tea at a gulp and left the room. Quick as thought Kathleen too rose from the table and followed him out of the door.

She caught up her father as he was crossing the hall towards the passage that led to the gun-room.

"Papa!" she said softly.

"Yes, my dear, what is it?"

He turned and stood still.

Somehow, hard and cold and matter-of-fact as Lord Elwyn was, this unknown child of his early youth exercised a strange influence over him.

Hitherto she had held him at bay, refusing to give him a daughter's love whilst she yielded him a daughter's obedience; he had not been able to win her from that strange attitude of disapproving resentment against him for the past.

It distressed and disturbed him more than he would have believed possible. In his secret heart he would have given a good deal to induce this fair young daughter to bestow upon him the love of an affectionate child.

"What is it, Kathleen?" he continued.

Her face was pale and full of disturbance, and her eyes looked scared and anxious.

He had not noticed her at breakfast—for nobody ever wished good morning to anybody at Clortell, save by a bend of the head or a wave of the hand across the table—so that Lord Elwyn looked at his child's face for the first time that day; and even he could see that all was not right with her.

"You are troubled, I see, my dear. Wait until I have just spoken to a man on business, and I shall come and talk to you in the library."

"No, papa—that is just it. I cannot wait. I don't want you to see that man at all—or, if you do, dismiss him at once—do not engage him."

Lord Elwyn looked profoundly surprised.

"My dear Kathleen, this is very extraordinary! What do you know about this man? Why do you ask such a thing?"

"I know him—I am sure I know who he is. I recognise him from the description that James gave of him. His name is Darley; he is a man I know. Do not take him as your keeper," papa—I—I—don't think he means any good."

She spoke very confusedly and breathlessly. Lord Elwyn was puzzled.

"This seems very incomprehensible, Kathleen. You say you know this man. Is there anything against his character?"

Kathleen could not in common honesty say that there was—nor could she bring herself to own to this proud aristocratic father that the man who was waiting in the gun-room as an applicant for the under-keeper's place had made her promise to be his wife. She could only twist her hands pitifully together and feel utterly wretched and powerless.

"He must not—he shall not come here!" she thought to herself desperately. "He saw us together last night—he saw him; and he is jealous, and wants to work out his wicked vengeance!"—and she shuddered and trembled from head to foot. Then, while she hesitated and paused, not knowing how to plead her cause, a sudden inspiration came to her.

"Papa"—and she raised two lovely pleading eyes to his and laid two soft little sunburnt hands upon his arm—"papa, do not ask me questions, for indeed I cannot very well explain to you. But will you trust me and believe in me for once? I do not know anything; but I have good reason to suspect that this man who is now—never has been a keeper—only wants the keeper's place to make mischief and do harm. I cannot say more—only—only—do not refuse my request!"

"Kathleen, it is the first thing you have ever asked of your father, and I will not refuse you;" and he took her hands in his and kissed her on the forehead. "I will not see the man." Then he passed his arm around her waist and went back into the hall with her.

"Simpkins," he said to the butler, "I have changed my mind; I shall not engage another keeper until Colonel Elwyn comes down—he will very likely wish to give the place to some one he knows. Go and tell that man who is waiting that I am not going to fill up the place at present."

Lord Elwyn had his reward, for his young daughter cast her arms suddenly around his neck and kissed him as she had certainly never done before.

Watching a few minutes later from one of the upper windows, Kathleen saw the man whose wife she had promised to become in a few years slouching away across the park, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his hands thrust savagely down into his trousers-pockets.

She had made no mistake—it was Tom Darley.

When he got a certain way off, upon the brow of of a slight eminence, she saw him turn round and shake his fist angrily at the Castle ere he disappeared behind the shoulder of the hill.

"He will not give it up," Kathleen thought, with a shudder; "if he has failed now, he will try again in some other way."

Then suddenly a great terror for the man she loved rose up within her. Tom Darley might have seen his face in the moonlight—who could say that he would not dog his footsteps and lay wait for him to do him some injury? All her woman's heart was in arms, and she learnt in a moment, as nothing else could have taught her, how unspeakably dear he had become to her.

"He must go," she said to herself distractedly; "it is not safe that he should stay here! Somehow or other I must get him to go away at once!"

For many hours she had no opportunity of speaking to Sir Adrian. When he came down stairs, he seemed almost to avoid Kathleen purposely.

Perhaps his conscience reproached him, perhaps his wavering affections had veered round again towards his beautiful fiancée, or perhaps it was only that he felt guilty and did not want to betray himself. Anyhow, he devoted himself more assiduously than ever to Lucille, and scarcely seemed to be aware of Miss Elwyn's existence.

It was a wet morning—impossible either to ride or drive—and lawn-tennis was a thing not to be dreamt of. The lovers took refuge in the billiard-room and

were together until nearly luncheon-time.

Kathleen, sick at heart, could hear their merry voices laughing and talking together, and the click of the balls and the hurrying footsteps round the billiard table which told her of the progress of the game and of their enjoyment.

She sat by herself in the hall reading a tragedy by Racine which a French master who came twice a week from London to teach her had desired her to study. She tried to fix her attention on her book, but could not shut her ears to those two gay voices which sounded through the open doorway.

"He loves her—he loves her!" said the poor child to herself miserably. "He is quite happy with her—he has no thought of me!"

But she was quite mistaken. He thought of her ardently, and longed to get to her, yet could see no way to accomplish it.

Presently Lucille cast down her cue triumphantly.

"There—I have beaten you again!" she cried—she was always good-tempered when she was successful. "Why, I declare it has stopped raining! Let us go down the avenue to the lodge gates and back before luncheon—we shall just have time. I will go and put on my things."

She ran through the hall and up-stairs. Kathleen's heart began to beat. Would he come out and speak to her now? She waited, but he did not come. She could hear him walking round the billiard table, knocking the balls about and whistling softly; but he did not come out to her.

She grew desperate. For his safety's sake—nay, for his very life's sake—she must speak to him—no mere maiden shyness must be allowed to stand betwixt her and her object now! She got up and walked into the billiard-room.

"Sir Adrian, I want to speak to you," she said.

He cast down his cue upon the table and colored hotly.

"Kathleen, did you get back all right last night?"

He came close to her and whispered the question, taking one of her small hands in his and holding it tenderly and closely against his breast. She had not the strength to draw it away, but she made no answer to his question.

"What I have to say to you is very important," she said breathlessly. "I want you to go away at once—away for some weeks. Do you understand?"

"To go away? Oh, you cruel, little woman, how can you expect me to do that?"

"Oh, do not jest, I implore you!" she replied. "Indeed, indeed it is serious—very serious! I would give my life to see you go; you must do as I ask. I cannot explain to you; but don't refuse—pray don't refuse!"

Her earnestness startled him, and he saw that her eyes filled with tears.

"Kathie, what is the meaning of this?" he whispered tenderly, calling her unconsciously by the little pet name of her childhood's days. "Why am I to go? If it is for my own sake then I am reckless, and I will not be wise, and I will not go; but, if it is for your sake, little Kathie, for your happiness; then——"

Their eyes met. The hot color came in a flame to her face. She saw what he meant, she guessed what he intended to imply.

He thought she was urging him to go so that she might stifle her own unruly love; he wanted to make her confess it, and then, manlike, he would be content.

For a few moments pride and love struggled for the mastery within her, and she felt that she would sooner die than own to a love that had never been sought or asked for, and that had sprung up with so terrible a rapidity in her heart.

Then she thought of Tom Darley, of his black scowling face, of his threats, and of the vindictive way in which he had turned back and shaken his fist as he went away, cursing no doubt the man whom he had seen in the moonlight with his arm about the girl he loved—she thought of all this, and pride fell away abashed, and love won the day within her.

She raised her eyes to his—eyes as deep and true as the skies at evening and as forgetful of self as those of an angel—and, as she spoke, slowly and deliberately, she trembled indeed, but she did not even blush as she uttered the courageous words.

"Yes—it is that—it is because I am not to bear your daily presence after last night that I entreat you to go—because—because——"

Her voice faltered a little and her eyes fell.

He bent down towards her. All the passion of the man's heart leaped up within him at this strange sweet avowal.

"Is it because you love me, sweet?" he whispered in her ear.

"Yes," she murmured back, her lips scarce able to frame the word.

"Then I will go! I swear to you I will go to-morrow!"

"No—to-day; do not be another night!" she entreated; and he promised her that he would.

"But," he said, half smiling, as he held her hand in his—"but you know I shall be obliged to come back again after a while; and how will it be then?"

"It will be better—much better."

"You mean you will have got over it?" he asked in some surprise; and he was scarcely pleased when she answered—

"Yes—things will be better."

Then for the first time he noticed how pale and ill she looked and how much she trembled.

Smitten with a late remorse, he cried—

"Oh, dear Kathie—dear little girl—if you only knew how sorry, how grieved I am, how bitterly I reproach myself——"

"Do not," she murmured a little brokenly; "there is nothing to reproach yourself with. I—I am all right; if you will only go away it will come all right. Do not think badly of me!"

"Think badly of you, Kathleen! How could I—I who meant to do so much for you, and have done you only harm? If you were to hate me, it would be only what I deserve."

"I could never hate you!" she answered; and then, as her sweet eyes met his, the color rushed back in a flood to her white face, and there shone out of them such a wealth of love and trust as had never looked out of woman's eyes at Sir Adrian before.

And, as they stood thus face to face, with hands clasped together in a lover-like familiarity, suddenly a voice close behind them exclaimed in horrified accents—

"Great heavens—Adrian!"

They sprang apart consciously and guiltily. Lucille Maitland, equipped for her walk, with blazing eyes and fury-flushed face, stood within ten yards of them.

"What on earth is the meaning of this scene? Are you rehearsing for private theatricals?" looking straight at her lover, and turning her back upon Kathleen.

"My dear Lucille, it certainly looks very much like it, I must own. As a matter of fact, however, I was only wishing Miss Erwyn good-bye;" and Adrian laughed uneasily.

"Why? Is she going away?"

"No; I am going away."

"You! Since when, pray?"

"Since you left the room, when Simpkins brought me a telegram from my lawyer which demands my immediate presence in town."

"When are you going?" she asked; but she looked as if she did not believe him in the least.

"As soon as I have swallowed my lunch; so that if we are to have our constitutional, we must look sharp."

"Go and get your hat, then, and I will follow you," she said quietly.

Adrian went out. Simpkins was in the hall. As he gave him his hat, the Baronet slipped a sovereign into his hand.

"Remember, Simpkins, that you brought me a telegram about five minutes ago," he said.

"Into the billiard-room, Sir Adrian? Yes, certainly, Sir Adrian!"—and Simpkins pocketed his sovereign with something as near to a wink as it was possible for a respectable butler to bestow upon a Baronet who was his master's guest.

"Wants to get away from her, 'e do," he confided later on to his cronies in the servants' hall; "shame a telegram to get up to town and 'ave a lark. And I can't say as how I'm surprised, for, of all the domineering, ordering-about cats as I ever see, Miss Maitland she's the worst!"

"Poor young man!" assented the cook pitifully. "He do lead a life with her, to be sure."

"And Charles, as stands behind her chair at breakfast, he do declare to me as she had a letter beginning 'Dearest' this very morning, and signed 'Your own loving Laurie,' not to mention a gold bracelet as came to her by post, both of which she hid up pretty sharp for fear they should be seen. Ah, she's a bad 'un, she is!"

"So she be," assented the women-folk—from which it was evident that Miss Maitland was no favorite amongst the domestics.

Meanwhile Lucille had been left alone in the billiard-room with Kathleen. For a second or two neither spoke, but Lucille stood looking with a withering scorn at the poor girl who leaned white and trembling against the billiard table.

Yet, after all, it was she who, plucking up her spirit and her strength, was the first to speak.

"Miss Maitland, you must not think that Sir Adrian was saying anything to me that was not right. He has been very kind to me since I have been here, and I was telling him of a little trouble of mine; and then he told me that he was going away, and was just wishing me good-bye as you came in. It may have seemed strange to you; but there was really nothing at all in it."

"Thank you very much—I do not at all desire to hear these elaborate explanations. I certainly consider it strange that Sir Adrian should have made a confidant of you as to his plans; and no doubt you are unaware that it is not usual in decent society for a young lady to grasp hold of both a gentleman's hands and gaze up rapturously into his face as if she were going to embrace him, even though he may be wishing her good-bye!"

"Oh, Miss Maitland, do not be so cruel!"

"I do not wish to be cruel, or even unjust. I ought not perhaps to be surprised at such conduct in a person of your birth and bringing up. It is no doubt foolish to expect the manners of a lady from you. As however I do not choose you to practise your forward and disgraceful arts upon the gentleman I am engaged to, I think it as well for your own sake to tell you that, although Sir Adrian is somewhat fond of amusing himself at the expense of girls of your class and manners, he invariably speaks of them behind their backs with the utmost disgust and loathing, and therefore it would be as well that you should restrain yourself from exciting his ridicule and his contempt."

She turned her back upon her and left the room; and Kathleen sank down upon a couch in a very paroxysm of shame and agonized grief.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INGENIOUS TRICK.—One of the puzzling tricks performed by so-called public mind-readers or clairvoyants is an extremely simple deception.

The performer standing on the stage asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationery is furnished and afterwards collected.

One of the audience is a confederate and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up.

The performer picks out an envelope and, after feeling of it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it.

To confirm this the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the enclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he reads, and then picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the sentence he has just read.

The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it, and proceeds in that way through the lot.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.—John's widow was inconsolable on her return from the funeral. "Poor John, he was a kind and forbearing husband." "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

A gentleman had accompanied a friend home to dinner, and as they seated themselves at the table, the hostess remarked—

"I trust that you will make allowances, Mr. Blankley. My servant left me very unexpectedly, and I was compelled to cook the dinner myself." "Oh, certainly, my dear madam, certainly," responded the guest with great emphasis; "I can put up with anything."

Here is a naive declaration from the prospectus of a weekly paper issued a year or two since:—

"The staff, with the exception of the editor, has been very carefully selected, and deserves to secure success."

"Allow me, madam, to congratulate you on your acquaintance with that charming lady," said a gallant Hungarian; "she is young, beautiful, and intelligent." "Oh, certainly," replied the lady. "But don't you think she is a trifle conceited?" "Why, madam, just put yourself in her place, and say if you would not be conceited too?"

IN marrying men should seek happy, cheerful women. The sweetest and the loveliest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance.

Bric-a-Brac.

ON THE EYE:—It used to be a popular belief that a stye upon the eyelid could be cured by rubbing it with a gold wedding-ring. In France it was the practice to place a gold ring under the feet of the couple during the marriage ceremony.

"GOING SNACKS:"—It is said that the phrase "going snacks" originated in this way: At the time of the plague in London a noted body snatcher resided in the city named Snacks. His business increased so fast that, finding he could not compass it, he offered to any person who should join him in his hardened practice half the profits; thus, those who joined him were said to go with Snacks. Hence, going snacks, or dividing the spoils.

CARNATION LEAVES:—Carnation leaves are used in some places as a charm to counteract the spells of witches. A portion of the girdle of a person possessed with an evil eye is thrown into a fire with three carnation leaves. If the leaves crackle it is a sign of the healing of the bewitched person; and then someone must spit three times on the person or thing, saying as he does so, "Uncharmed!" If, however, the leaves do not crackle, the aid of a monk must be sought, to read certain prayers over the afflicted one.

HOW TO TELL HER AGE:—Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are, but you can find out by following the subjoined instructions, the young lady doing the figuring:—Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by two, then to add five, then to multiply it by fifty, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will tell you her age, and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 833, she is twenty-two years old, and was born in the eight month (August).

FAITHFUL TILL DEATH.—Napoleon I.'s Mameluke servant has a place in history. He seldom quitted the Emperor's side. One night, after the fatigues of a scorching day, Napoleon retired to his tent, and nodding off to sleep, the plumes in his hat caught fire from a lamp on the table. The devoted Mameluke rushed forward to extinguish the blaze, and the Emperor, suddenly awakened by the noise, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe, snatched the pistol from the table, and shot his faithful servant dead. On discovering the fatal mistake, which cost the life of a brave and attached attendant, Napoleon was greatly distressed.

THE MASTIFF AND THE HEN.—Friendships of the strangest kind are sometimes formed in the animal world. Several months ago a two-year-old mastiff was seen one day carrying a hen in his mouth with great care to his kennel. He put her in a corner, and kept watch while she laid an egg, which he ate at once. Ever after that the dog and hen were the best of friends. She would not lay eggs anywhere but in the kennel, and he gave her in return all the dainty bits from his dish. This was a clever mastiff. Not only had he become fond of eggs, but he had found out that they were laid by hens, and that the best way to get fresh ones was to have a hen of his own.

THE SENTINEL QUAILS:—A farmer in the West kept a large number of quails, partly for the table and partly for the pleasure of studying their habits. They had one curious custom. Every night before it grew dark the birds formed themselves into parties of twelve or so each, standing in a circle with their heads outwards and their tails in a bunch in the middle. One bird always stood on guard to each party. Its term of duty was only for half an hour, on the expiry of which a loud *cluck* was uttered by some one of the group and another bird at once relieved guard by taking its place, to be in turn dismissed in a like way. When the numbers of the birds grew fewer, the term of "sentry go" was increased to an hour, but in other respects the same form was gone through.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

BY DAVID RUSSELL AITKEN.

Somewhere there is a radiant land,
All beautiful for ever,
A world by balmy breezes fanned,
With skies unclouded ever,
Upon that stormless shining shore
Falls music as in days of yore,
For ever and for ever.

Here, close at hand, before our eyes,
Unveiled by Love's endeavor,
That land immortal round us lies,
All beautiful for ever.
Seek not some distant dreamland shore,
But here, Love murmurs o'er and o'er,
Dwell ever and for ever,
Beautiful for ever.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

"YOU SEEM to have forgotten, young woman," said Andrew Westwood sternly, "that there is a God above us all who takes care of the innocent and punishes the guilty."

"I'd not forgotten it," said Sabina, confronting him with an unabashed air; "but I hadn't believed it till now."

At that moment an inspector in plain clothes, who had been hastily fetched from Scotland Yard, made his way into the room and inquired what he was wanted for.

"We shall both have to go with you, I think," said Hubert firmly, glancing at Westwood as he rose. "I presume that you cannot liberate Mr. Westwood at once."

"What—Westwood the convict? I should think not!" said the inspector quite briskly.

He made a sign to his men, who stepped forward with a pair of handcuffs.

"I shall come quietly enough," said Westwood, with a smile. "You needn't trouble yourself about the bracelets."

"Ah, I dare say!" said the inspector. "You've been rather a slippery customer hitherto, I believe. We'll make sure of you now."

But Hubert interfered.

"No, no," he said—"Westwood is innocent! It was I—I who committed the crime for which he was condemned. Put the handcuffs on me, if on any one, but not on that innocent man!"

"Well, this is a rum start!" said the inspector to himself. "You don't look very fit to run away, sir; we won't trouble you," he said to Hubert, with a friendly smile. "Head wrong, I suppose?" he asked of Cynthia.

They had some trouble in convincing him that Hubert meant to be taken to the station with Westwood; and, even when he had heard the story, it was plain that he did not quite believe it.

However he consented to let Hubert accompany him; and then he remarked that, as it was getting late, it would be better if his companions started at once.

"And the old gentleman?" he said, looking at the General with interest. "Is he coming too?"

Hubert hesitated. Then he went up to the old man and touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Will you look at me, sir?" he said. "Have you nothing to say to me before I go?"

No, he had nothing to say; he would never say anything again. The General was dead.

* * * * * *

The proceedings relating to Westwood's trial and Hubert Lepel's confession naturally excited great interest. The whole matter had to be investigated once more; and it could not be denied that a howl of indignation at Hubert's conduct went up through the length and breadth of the land.

Even Flossy's indiscretions—to call them by no harsher name—were not held to excuse him for suppressing the fact that he had taken Sydney Vane's life, and then allowed Andrew Westwood to suffer the penalty of a crime which he had not committed.

The details that came out one after another whetted the public appetite to an incredible extent. And in such a case it soon became evident that no details could be suppressed at all. Even the fact of the attachment between Hubert and Cynthia leaked out, although everybody tried hard to keep it a secret; and great was the wonder excited by Cynthia's steady refusal to give up the lover who had nearly caused her father's death.

"She must be a heartless creature indeed!" the busybodies said. "Who ever heard of such a revolting position? Has her father cast her off? What a grief it must be to him! It is like a terrible old Greek tragedy!"

And when the busybodies heard that Westwood had not objected to his child's marriage with Mr. Lepel, and had actually appeared to be friendly with him, they concluded that all parties concerned must be equally devoid of the finer qualities of human nature, and that a painful revelation of baseness and secret vice had just been made.

But, in spite of public indignation, it was not possible for Hubert Lepel to receive very severe punishment from the arm of the law. He had never been examined at Westwood's trial—and the law does not compel a man to incriminate himself. He was held to have committed manslaughter, and he was condemned to two years' imprisonment.

And Westwood received a "free pardon" from the Queen—which Cynthia thought a very inadequate way of testifying to his innocence; and he walked through London streets a free man once more, and might have been made into a hero had he chosen, especially when it became known that he was very well off, and that he had a daughter so beautiful and gifted as the young lady who had previously been known to the general public as Cynthia West.

Cynthia was entreated to sing again and again, and was assured that people would flock to hear her and to see her more than ever. But she steadily refused to sing in any public place.

She could not overcome the feeling that her audience only came to stare at her as Westwood's daughter, and not to hear her sing. She withdrew therefore from the musical profession, and lived a quiet life in London with her father, who had postponed his departure for a few weeks. He would not return to America until the close of Hubert Lepel's trial.

The General's sad death, caused chiefly by excitement, was felt, when the shock was passed, to be almost a relief for his friends. They all felt that it would have been sad indeed if the old man had lived to see himself desolate, his name dragged through the mud, his wife branded with shame, the boy that he had loved not only laid in his grave, but known to be no kin to him at all.

He could not have borne it; his life would have been a misery to him; and it was perhaps well that he should die. His will had been unsigned, and the property therefore passed to Enid, with the usual "half" to his widow.

Flossy found herself better off than she had expected to be. She never seemed to regret her actions, not even the hysterical outburst which had caused her to confess her guilt and to hasten the General's end. She declared herself relieved that she had now nothing to conceal. As for the execration that she met with from all who knew her story, she cared very little indeed.

She refused to see her old acquaintances, and went abroad as soon as possible. Her lawyer alone knew her address—for she did not correspond with her English friends; but she was occasionally heard of at a foreign watering-place, where she posed as an interesting widow completely misunderstood by a sadly prejudiced world.

In time she married again, and it was said that her husband, a Russian nobleman ill-treated her; but Flossy was quite capable of holding her own against any number of Russian noblemen, and it was more than likely that he suffered at her hands than she at his.

In the wild Northern lands however she finally made her home; and she announced to her lawyer her determination never to set foot in England again. A traveler who afterwards came across her in Russia reported to her relatives that she was looking haggard and worn, that she was said to take chloral regularly, and that she suffered from some obscure disease of the nerves for which no doctor could find a cure. And thus she passed out of the lives of her English friends—unloved, unmourned, unhappy, and, in spite of wealth and title, unsuccessful in all that she tried to attain.

Enid, the owner of Beechfield Hall, took a dislike to the place, and would not live in it for many a long day. She remained with Miss Vane until a year had passed after the General's death, and then she married Mr. Evandale and took up her abode at the Rectory. She made an ideal person's wife. Her health had grown stronger in the quiet atmosphere of Miss Vane's home; and, curiously enough, she never had another of her strange "seizures" after her departure from Beechfield Hall. She herself always believed that she had conquered them by an effort of will; but Mr. Evandale was disposed to think that she had been occasionally put under the influences of some drug by Mrs. Vane, and that Mrs. Vane had either wished to remove her altogether from her path or undermine her health and intellect completely. At a later date she had grown tired of this method, and tried to take a quicker way; but in this attempt she had been foiled.

Parker remained in Enid's service, and made a faithful nurse, devoted to her mistress and her mistress's children, and, above all, devoted to her master, who had spoken to her gently of her past, and given her new hope for the future.

And, when the little Evandales began to overflow the Rectory nurseries, Enid managed to conquer her distaste for the stately old Hall that stood empty so many years, and came thither with her family to fill the vacant rooms with merry faces, and to chase away all ghosts of a tragic past by the sound of eager voices, of laughter, and of pattering feet. And then a deeper love for the old home, now grown so beautiful and dear, stirred within her; and in time she even marvelled at herself that she had stayed away so long from Beechfield Hall.

Sabina Meldreth developed in a curious direction. The Rector "got hold of her," as he expressed it, and managed to lay his finger on the soft spot in her heart. It proved to be a remorseful love for delicate children; and this trait of character became her salvation.

She never talked of the past or said that she repented; but she gave herself little by little, with strange steadfastness and thoroughness, to the service of sick children in hospitals. She went through a nurse's training, and got an engagement as nurse in the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children.

Here she seemed happy; and the children loved her—which some people thought odd, because she preserved a good deal of her roughness of manner and abruptness of speech in ordinary life. But she was made of finer fibre than one would have imagined, and children never found her harsh or unkind or unsympathetic. The memory of little Dick remained with her perhaps, but she never spoke of him.

During the months of Hubert's imprisonment Cynthia did not correspond with him. He had asked her not to do so. Her letters would of course have been overlooked. All that she could do until the trial was over was to send him flowers, which he was permitted to receive; and very dear those boxes of rare blossoms soon became to him.

He spent a great part of his time in the infirmary; for his strength had been very much tried during the time of his convalescence, and it often seemed as if his anticipations were to be realized, and as if his term of punishment would not last very long.

Cynthia had made him promise that she should be summoned to his side if he were absolutely in danger. For many a week she used to be half afraid to look at her letters in the morning, least the dread summons should be amongst them; but, after a time, her courage began to revive, and she dared—yes, she actually dared—to hope for a brighter future.

But, when the term of his imprisonment began, she knew that she must wait patiently for its end before the cloud of darkness was lifted from her life.

"It's about time we was getting back to the States, I reckon," her father said to her one day.

"So soon, father?"

"What should we stay in England for?" he asked, without glancing at her. "I want to get back to my work; and I want to show you the place, and see about the new house."

For at times he drew glowing pictures of the house that intended to build for Cynthia some day. Cynthia used to smile and listen very sweetly. She never contradicted him; she only grew a little abstracted now and then when he waxed very eloquent, and drew the needle a little faster through the work that she now affected. He did not usually seem to notice her silence; but on this occasion he broke out rather petulantly.

"One would think you took no interest in it all! You might sometimes remember that it's all for you."

"I do remember it father dear—and I am very grateful."

"Well, then," said Westwood, at once restored to cheerfulness, "just you look here at these plans. I've been talking to an architect, and this is the drawing he's made for me. Nice mansion that, isn't it? You see, there's the ground-floor—a study for me, and a drawing-room and a morning-room and all sorts of things for you; and here's a wing which can be added on or not, as is required. Because," he went on rather quickly and nervously "if you was to marry out there, you could set up housekeeping with him, you know, and, when the family grew too large for the house, we could just add room after room—here, you see—until we had enough."

"Yes, father." And then Cynthia added with simplicity, which was perhaps a little assumed, "Miss Enid Vane says that Hubert will be ordered to the Riviera for the winter when—when he is free."

"What has that to do with it?" said Westwood, rolling up his plans and moving a few steps away from her.

"Only that we had better not think too much about the house, father. We might not be able to come to it."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" her father said slowly. "You are still thinking of Mr. Lepel, Cynthia?"

"Yes, father dear."

"You mean to marry the man that would have seen me hang and never said a word to save me?"

"He would not have done that, you know, father. He spoke out at last in order to save you from being re-arrested. And you gave me your consent before——"

"Ay, before I knew that he had done the deed! I thought that his sister had done it, and that he was keeping her secret, when I gave my consent, my girl. It makes a deal of difference."

"Not to me," said Cynthia quietly. "He did wrong; but I learned to love him before I knew the story; and I can't leave off loving him now."

Westwood sat down and began rapping the table with his roll of plans in a meditative manner.

"Women are curious folk," he said at last. "When a man's prosperous, they nag at him and make his life a weariness to him; but, when he's in trouble, they can't be too faithful nor too fond. It's awkward sometimes."

"But it's their nature, you see, father," said Cynthia, smiling a little as she folded up her work.

"I suppose it is. And I suppose—being one of them—it's nothing to you that this man's name has been cried high and low throughout the British Empire as a monster of iniquity, a base cowardly villain, so afraid of being found out that he nearly let another man swing for him—that's nothing to you, eh?"

Cynthia's cheeks burned.

"It is nothing to me because it is not true," she said. "I know the world says so; but the world is wrong. He is not cowardly—he is not base; he has a noble heart. And when he did wrong it was for his sister's sake and to save her from punishment—not for his own. Oh, father, you never spoke so hardly of him before!"

"I am only repeating what the world says," replied Westwood stolidly. "I am not stating my own private opinion. What the world says is a very important thing, Cynthia."

"I don't care what it says!" cried Cynthia impatiently.

"But I care—not for myself, but for you. And we've got to pay some attention to it—you and I and the man you marry, whoever he may be."

"It will be Hubert Lepel or nobody, father."

"It may be Hubert; but it won't be Hubert Lepel with my consent. He has no call to be proud of his name that I can see. Look here, Cynthia! When he comes out, you can tell him this for me—he may marry you if he'll take the name of 'Westwood' and give up that 'Lepel.' Many a man does that, I'm told, when he comes into a fortune. Well, you're a fortune in yourself, beside what I've got to leave you. If he won't do that, he won't do much for you."

"I am not ashamed of his name," said Cynthia, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Well, perhaps not; but I'd rather it was so. I don't think I'm unreasonable, my dear. 'Lepel' isn't a common name, and it's too well known. As 'Mrs. Hubert Westwood' you will escape remark much more easily than as 'Mrs. Hubert Lepel.' I don't think it is too much to ask; and it's the one condition I make before I give my consent to his marrying you."

"I will tell him, father. Perhaps he will not mind."

"If he minds, he won't be worthy of you

—that's all I've got to say," said Westwood, rising to his feet and preparing to leave the room.

But Cynthia intercepted him.

"Father, if he consents, you will forgive him, will you not?" she said, putting her hands on his shoulder and looking anxiously into his eyes.

"Forgive him, my dear? Well, I suppose I have done that, or I shouldn't say that he might marry you at all."

"And you will forget the past, and love him a little for my sake?"

"I'm bound to love the people you love, Cynthy," said the old man, stooping to kiss the beautiful face, and patting her cheek with his roll of plans; "and I don't think you've got any call to feel afraid."

CHAPTER LII.

THE NEWSPAPERS had cried out that Hubert Lepel's two years were a miserable insufficient punishment for the crime of which he had been guilty; but to Cynthia it seemed as if those two years were an eternity.

She did not talk about him to any one; she interested herself apparently in the affairs of her father's house; she made a thousand occupations for herself in the new land to which she had gone. Occasionally she had a letter—which she dearly prized—from Enid Vane, and in these letters she heard a little now and then about Hubert; but, after Enid's marriage, the letters became less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. And then she knew that the two years were over; and that Hubert must be free.

Free—or dead! She sometimes had a keen darting fear that she would never see his face again. His health had suffered very much in confinement, she had learned from Enid's letters.

Her father looked at her now and then with anxious grieving eyes; but he did not say a word. She noticed however that he greatly advocated the good qualities of a fine young Scotchman called MacPhail, who had lately settled on an estate in the neighborhood and had shown a great inclination for Cynthia's society.

Westwood was never tired of praising his good looks, his manly ways, his abilities, and his intelligence, and of calculating openly, in his daughter's hearing, the amount of wealth of which he was sure MacPhail was possessed. Cynthia grew impatient of these praises before long.

"Dear father," she said, taking his grizzled head between her hands one day and kissing it, "I like your Mr. MacPhail very well; but I shall get tired of him very soon if you are always praising him so much."

"But do you like him, Cynthy?" said her father.

"Oh, yes—I think that he is a very estimable young man! I know all his good points by heart; but I can't say that I find him interesting."

"Interesting?" echo Westwood. "What do you mean, Cynthy? Isn't he clever enough for you?"

"He is clever enough for anybody, no doubt," said Cynthia, with a little laugh. "But he never reads, he never thinks—except about his stock—and he isn't even a gentleman."

"Neither am I, Cynthia, my dear," said her father sorrowfully.

"You, you darling old man," said the girl lightly—"as if you were not one of Nature's gentlemen, and the dearest and noblest of men to boot! If he were like you, father, I should think twice as much of him;" and she put her arm round his neck and kissed him.

Westwood's face beamed.

"You're not ashamed of your old father?" he said delightedly. "Bless you, my girl! What shall I do when the time comes for me to lose you, I'm sure I don't know!"

"You are not likely to lose me, father. I shall probably stay with you always," said Cynthia rather sadly.

But she brightened up when she saw his questioning face.

"You and I shall always keep house together shall we not?"

"Don't you think, Cynthia," said he, detaining her as she was about to move away, "that we might take MacPhail into partnership some of these days?"

"Partnership?" she repeated, not seeing his drift at first. "What do you want with a partner, father? Is there too much for you to do? Or haven't you enough capital? Why should you want a partner?"

"It isn't a partner for myself that I'm talking about, my pretty. I want a son—and the partner would be for you. In plain words, Donald MacPhail is head over ears in love with you, Cynthia. Couldn't you bring yourself to look upon him as your husband, don't you think?"

"No, I could not," said Cynthia quickly and decisively. "There is only one man whom I could think of—and you know who that one is. If I do not marry him, I will marry nobody at all."

Westwood sighed and looked dispirited, but said no more.

Cynthia exerted herself to be particularly frigid to Mr. MacPhail when he next visited the house, and succeeded so well that the young Scotchman was utterly dismayed by her demeanor, and was not seen there again for many a long day.

Mr. MacPhail was not the only suitor that Cynthia had sent about his business. She was too handsome, too winning, to escape remark in a place where attractive women were rather rare.

They did not often see English newspapers; but at this time Westwood took to poring over any that he could obtain from neighbors or from the nearest town. One day Cynthia saw a copy of the *Standard* was lying in a very conspicuous position on the writing-table. She took it up and read the announcement of the death at her own house of Leonora Vane, aged sixty-nine.

She wondered a little that Enid had not written to tell her of Miss Vane's death; and then the tears fell slowly from her eyes as she considered how completely she was now cut off from the Vanes and all their concerns—as completely as if she herself had "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace."

And yet she could not forget it; absorb herself as she would in household cares, busy herself as she would with her father's requirements and the needs of her poorer neighbors—and for these Cynthia was a centre of all that was beneficent and beautiful—moments would come when the present seemed to her like a dream and the past the only reality.

When had she lived so fully as when she knew from Hubert's lips the meaning of his love for her—of her love for him? Life would be dull and gray indeed if it contained no memory of those exquisite, passionate moments! For these the rest of her existence was a mere setting; and for these she knew well enough that she was glad that she had lived.

Thus she sat thinking, with her cheek upon her hand, and the tears wet upon her long dark lashes; and she did not hear the footsteps of any one approaching until her father touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Cynthia—here's visitors!"

Then she looked up. At first she saw only the ruddy face and reddish hair of the admirable Mr. MacPhail, and she rose to her feet with an impatient little sigh. After MacPhail came another neighbor—a tall thin man with a military bearing, generally known as "the Colonel," though it was not clear that he had ever held any rank in the Army.

And after these two a stranger followed—also a tall man, thin, dark, grave, with eyes that seemed to Cynthia like those of one who had returned from beyond the grave.

A start like a sort of electric shock ran through Cynthia's frame. It was impossible for her to speak, to do more than extend her hand in silence to each of the newcomers. And then she looked once more upon her lover's face—upon the face of Hubert Lepel.

In the presence of her father and the two comparative strangers, she could not even utter a word of greeting. Her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and she dared not even raise her eyes.

Hubert seemed at first as tongue-tied as herself; but presently she heard him talking in a quiet unobtrusive way, as if he and "the Colonel" were old friends; and it transpired that the two had met during Hubert's previous wanderings in America, and that they had seen a good deal of the world together.

Before long, all four men were busily engaged on a comparison of America and England and in a discussion on contemporary politics, and Cynthia was able to devote herself to household duties and the entertainment of her guests.

Hubert was staying in Colonel Morton's house, she found, and they had met Mr. Westwood and MacPhail when they were having a long tramp over the hills; and, strangely enough, Westwood had immediately asked both men to dinner.

It was not until the meal was over and the men had gone out to smoke in the pleasant piazza with its clustering vines which adorned the front of Westwood's house that Cynthia had a moment in which to compare her present impression with her past.

It struck her that Hubert looked older, as well as graver and sadder, and perhaps more dignified. His hair was turning gray and thin at the temples; his moustache was also streaked with white—bleached, as Cynthia knew, by trouble, not by age. He looked like a man who had gone "through much tribulation," but had come out victor at the last.

And Cynthia—was she changed? He had thought so when he came upon her that afternoon; but his heart had yearned over her all the more fondly for the change. He had never seen her so thin, so pale so worn; the dark eyes had not been set in such hollows of shadow when he last saw her; the cheeks had never before been so colorless. But at dinner she looked more like her old beautiful self.

She was in black when he arrived; but she came to dinner in a pretty gown of cream-colored embroidered muslin, with a bunch of crimson flowers at her bosom. The color had come back to her cheeks too, and the light to her eyes—he saw that, though he could not get her to look at him.

Cynthia sat in the window, not daring to join the party on the piazza—hoping perhaps that one of them would separate himself from the others and come to her. Hubert was walking with her father now—up and down, up and down, deep in talk. Was it merely talk of politics and farming and common things?

She saw them withdraw to a corner of the piazza where they could converse unheard by their companions. Westwood was smoking; but his speech was fluent, Cynthia could see; he was laying down the law, emphasizing his sentences by an outstretched finger, blowing great rings of smoke into the air between some of his remarks.

Hubert listened and seemed to assent. His head was bowed, his arms were folded across his chest; he looked—Cynthia could not help the thought—like a prisoner receiving sentence, a penitent before his judge.

Westwood turned to him at last, as if awaiting an answer—the moonlight was on his face, and showed it to be grave and anxious, but unmistakably kind. Hubert raised his head and made some answer; and then—Cynthia's heart began to beat very fast indeed—her father held out his hand. The two men grasped each other's hands warmly and silently for a moment, then both turned away.

Westwood took out a great red handkerchief and blew his nose vehemently; Hubert leaned for a moment against the balustrade and put his hand across his eyes. Cynthia's own eyes swam in sympathetic tears as she strove to imagine what had been said.

In that moment her love for Hubert was almost less than her love for her father—the man who, in spite of lawless instincts, faulty training, great misfortunes and mistakes, had a nature that was large enough and grand enough to know how to forgive.

Her eyes were so blinded with tears that she saw but indistinctly that her father was coming across the piazza to the long open window by which she sat. She drew herself back a little, so as to be out of the range of vision of the Colonel and Mr. MacPhail. She knew that the crisis of her fate was come.

"Cynthia, my dear," said her father's homely rugged voice—how dear it had grown she felt she had never known till now—"here's a gentleman wants to have a word with you. And he has my good wishes and my friendship, dearie; and that's a thing that I thought you'd like to know. He calls it my forgiveness; but we know—we understand—it's all the same. I'll leave him with you, my beauty, and you can say to each other what you please."

And then he kissed her very tenderly and turned away.

She was obliged to see him however when he knelt down before her and put his clasped hands very gently upon her knee.

"Cynthia," said his voice—the other voice that she loved to hear—"your father says that he has forgiven me. Can you forgive?"

She put her hand upon his, and a great tear fell down her cheeks.

"I have nothing to urge in my defence," he said. "If you like to punish me—to send me away from you for ever—I know that I shall have deserved my fate. I dare not ask for anything from you, Cynthia, except your forgiveness. May I hope to gain that?"

"If my father has forgiven you," she said a little hurriedly, "I cannot do no less."

There was a little silence. He bowed his head and touched with his lips the slender fingers that rested lightly upon his own joined hands. He felt that she trembled at the touch.

"What is to be my fate, Cynthia? I put my life into your hands. I owe it to your father and to you."

"What do you want it to be?" she asked softly, but with an effort of which he was profoundly conscious and ashamed.

"Oh, my love, my only love, you know what I desire!" he said, with sudden passion; and for the first time he raised his head and looked into her face. "I dare not ask—I am not worthy! If there is anything that you can bear to say—to give me—you must do it of your own free will; I cannot ask you for anything."

"But you know," said Cynthia, looking at him a last, and letting the gleam of a smile appear through the tears that filled her eyes, "a woman likes to be asked."

And then, when their eyes had once met, their lips met too, and there was no need for him to ask her anything.

But, when there was no longer any need, he found it easier to ask questions.

"Cynthia, my darling do you love me?"

"With my whole heart, Hubert!"

"And will you—will you really—be—my wife?"

"Yes, Hubert."

"And you forgive me? Oh, that is more wonderful than all! You bow me to the earth with your goodness—you and your father, Cynthia! What can I do to be worthy of it? He is going to give me his name as well as yourself; and Heaven knows that I will do my best to keep it clean!"

His head sank upon her bosom.

"Hubert," she said, "you must not talk in that way! Do you think that I should ever be ashamed of your name, darling? It is just that my father has no son, and does not want his name to die out. If you will sacrifice your name, instead of my sacrificing mine, as women generally do, you will make him very happy and very proud of you. He wants a son; and you will be a son to him, Hubert darling, will you not?"

And so the treaty was ratified.

Hubert and Cynthia were married in three weeks; and the marriage turned out an uncommonly happy one. Contrary to even Cynthia's expectations, Westwood and his son-in-law became the very best of friends.

Westwood was proud of Hubert's literary knowledge, of his former social standing, of his many gifts and accomplishments. It was he who one day proposed that Hubert should go back to the name of Lepel—the name by which he had been known in the literary and dramatic world, and by which he would perhaps be remembered long after "the Beechfield tragedy" was forgotten.

But Hubert refused. He was too proud of the new name he had won, he said, ever to give it up. As for literature, he had no inclination for it now. In this new home, in a new world, with father, wife, and boys beside him, and a political career which opened out a future such as he had never dreamed of when he was writing his plays and poems in Russell Square—a future made easy to him by Westwood's position and character in the States, and also by the large fortune which Miss Vane had left him unconditionally on her death—he had no wish to change his lot in life.

Out of evil had come good; but only through repentance and the valley of humiliation, without which he would indeed have gone wearily and sadly to an end without honor and without peace. But he had won a great victory; and he was not without his great reward.

[THE END.]

DEFINING AN IMPRESSION.—One day the Professor examining the mental philosophy class, said:

"Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression! Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What? No one knows? No one can tell what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said a certain brilliant youth. "An impression is a dent in a soft place."

"Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead, and growing red in the face; "you are excused for the day."

BLOBSON.—"Popinjay, did you ever attend a colored religious meeting?"

Popinjay—"Yes—just once."

"Lots of enthusiasm and wild energy, wasn't there?"

"You bet! Somebody threw a watermelon through the window."

OTHER DAYS.

BY WILLIAM COWAN.

Oh, would they might come back again,
Those days before my house was bare,
When little voices thrilled my ears,
And little feet were on the stair.

Sweet was the stir of dear young life,
And sweet the cares it brought me then;
Oh, would that stir, those blessed cares,
Were in my silent home again!

Oh, would those days were back again,
When little hands clung round my knees,
And little lips to mine were pressed—
I feel them strange, these hours of ease.

Now I am poor, I dwell alone,
And totter on through strangest ways,
Still longing for what never comes—
The life and love of other days.

A Case of Delusion.

BY MRS HOEY.

CHAPTER III.

"THE weather is changing," said Doctor Mariot, while Hendrik was still busy with his slides, and the result of his operation on the second skull was still uncertain. "I am afraid we shall have a storm."

As he spoke we heard a thunder-growl. A storm we had, in a few minutes, of the genuine Paris kind, and the cameras had to be smothered up in tarpaulin, and Mr. Winthrop's sitting postponed until after luncheon.

This vexatious occurrence brought about the fulfilment of my wish, and also dispelled my foolish notion that Mr. Winthrop was sane.

A broad verandah with a glass roof, supported by iron pillars covered with creeping plants, was one of the pleasant features of Dr. Mariot's house, and after luncheon we adjourned thither, to smoke cigars, and watch the dispersal of the storm.

I was standing apart from the others when Clement Winthrop approached me and said:

"Will you walk here for a while with me, Mr. Carleton? You have observed me closely; you know I am not mad, as well as I know it. I should like to tell you the truth about myself, because you are the only person who will listen to my story without a previously-formed conviction that it is the creation of a madman's fancy."

He spoke with supreme calmness and ease, twitched his head, glanced upwards in the way I had already noticed, and waited for my reply.

I looked towards the ever watchful doctor; he gave me a slight nod of assent, and I at once turned away from the direction of the others and walked by the side of Winthrop to the extreme end of the verandah.

I did not speak; his reading of my thoughts, and his intention, as I supposed, to make an appeal to me of some kind had surprised me out of the power of words.

I was driven by this surprising incident to abandon the belief that he was a voluntarily incarcerated patient of Dr. Mariot's. He set a chair for me, but placed himself with his back against the inner side of the nearest pillar, and, after another twitch and glance, he began to speak, with his eyes directed to my face—very unlike a madman, that, I thought—and his hands loosely clasped in front of him.

"The truth about myself, Mr. Carleton, is that I am sane now, and that I have never been insane, except on the occasion when I committed the act for which I have to work out a life sentence. I dare say you have been told that I am a harmless lunatic—that mine is a case of delusion?"

"I have been told nothing, Mr. Winthrop."

"I will shorten my narrative by putting it as Dr. Mariot would put it, if he were giving you an account of my case. He regards it with great interest. The doctor is a good fellow, a gentleman, and very well read for a specialist. I should find him an agreeable companion, if I could ever get rid of that other one who is so constantly with me that I cannot give my thoughts to anything else, except by a very wrong effort."

Here Winthrop's face darkened strangely, and again I saw the twitch and the glance.

"Dr. Mariot would tell you that, five years ago, I, being then thirty years old, in sound health, and possessed of unusual strength and activity, suddenly fell into a state of dementia, accused myself of murder, and insisted on every sort of effort being made to trace the identity of the man whom I believed myself to have murdered and who was a total stranger to me; that he—Dr. Mariot—was consulted, and pronounced it a pure case of delusion, on all the grounds of science and also of evidence; that I, finding it useless to urge the truth upon persons who were rooted in their own view, and feeling that I was bound to expiate a crime which I knew I had committed, no matter how proofless it remained, and also fearing that I might again be attacked by the momentary mania which had led to it, and that another life might be sacrificed to my own terrible misfortune, and the obstinate incredulity of my friends this is how he would put my explanation of my case to him, you understand—had willingly given myself into his charge. Finally, all the formalities were complied with, and that I have been in his asylum ever since, a victim to melancholia, and to, the best of his belief, a hopeless case. Do you see it now, Mr. Carleton?"

Never in my life had I found a question so difficult to answer, or a look so difficult to evade.

His irrational statement was set forth with a lucid reasonableness which made me feel as if I were going distracted. He resumed with some trouble in his voice:

"Ah, you do not answer! You are not so sure that I am not a madman as you were just now, and you are not clear about my motive for telling you the truth and earnestly desiring you should believe it. But I can explain this easily, if you will only try to put yourself in my place, and take those bare facts into your mind. Five years ago I was in France, making a walking tour through the Pas de Calais, and one evening, at nearly dark, when I was approaching Boulogne-sur-Mer—my destination for the time—by way of the sea coast, and had almost reached the fishing village of Portel, a great storm that had been brewing came on. I knew the fishing boats were out; the sea had been rough all day, and was now coming in with great thundering waves, the tide being nearly full. I liked to witness the strife of wind and sea; but there suddenly arose a strange hurry in my brain with the whirl and the noise, and I rushed along the edge of the falaise at the top of my speed. There is a steep ascent from the coast by the face of a sand-hill, at a little distance from the village and just as I was hurrying to the spot at which the crooked path is reached from the level, a man came hurrying up to the top and, with a wild gesture, tried to stop me, uttering some incoherent words. Afterwards I understood that he meant to warn me of the danger of the descent—a great mantle of the sand-hill having broken away, twenty feet above the sand and shingle. I suppose he had barely escaped with his life. But the hurry in my brain was whirling and roaring like the winds and waves. I cursed him, struck at him with the loaded head of the heavy stick I carried, and rushed on, still along the falaise, knowing only that he had fallen backwards, and not thinking of anything except the hurry in my brain. You see, Mr. Carleton," he continued, "if I were a madman I could hardly give you so accurate an account of my mental condition. I have not forgotten one sensation of that night—between the time when the storm began to worry me, and the time when I lay down to sleep with my knapsack under my head, in a little thicket, and felt that I must sleep though all the world were being blown to the four winds. It was day when I awoke, and remembered, with horror, all about it. There was no hurry in my brain now; there was no fever in my blood; my natural caution had returned to me. I got up and walked back to the off side of Portel. All along the way I could mark the signs of an extraordinarily high tide; and all along the way I wondered how it was with the man whom I had struck. I supposed he was some one belonging to the village or its neighborhood. I had no distinct idea of his person. Ignorant as I was of the dangerous rent in the sand-hill, I hoped he had fallen on a ledge of the path and picked himself up, or that he had been picked up and taken care of in the village. Of course I must find him, and make what amends I could for my act of insane violence. I came to the spot, and once more there was a hurry in my brain; but it did not master me, I mastered it, and with it my loathing reluctance to look over the edge of the sand-hill, lest by any chance he should be lying in the path, maimed by my blow. I looked over; he was not there; but I saw the jagged edge a few feet below where the rent had been made, and the path destroyed. I saw great masses of earth and sand scattered on the shingle beneath, and heavy drifts of seaweed washed up among them. The tide had come leaping up into the very space left by the rent in the sand-hill. If the man had fallen over the edge he must have been killed by the fall, or carried out by the retreating waves; certain death either way. Who was the man? That, Mr. Carleton, I have never known. I remained in the neighborhood for some time, but no intelligence reached me; there was no word of any one being missed from the village or the district. I got all the newspapers containing intelligence of the department; but there was not an advertisement, not a notice of any disappearance. I went away, and returned again to the neighborhood, still there was no sign; there has never been any sign. Somewhere in the world—it may be near to me or far from me—there are people who have been condemned by my act to the agony of suspense—the agony of utter ignorance respecting the fate of one beloved. Whomsoever the man may have been, somebody loved him, somebody wanted him, somebody waited for him at home."

How steadily he told his story; with what an air of consistency, mad as it was! His face was ill to see, and the twitch and upward glance were frequent.

The acute misery in his voice touched me to the soul. My fancy was highly strung up by this time; more than fancy was aroused now.

"The story is true," I said to myself; "the man is not mad."

And the man knew that I had said this to myself, and replied to it.

"Once more, Mr. Carleton you are right. I am glad to see that I have convinced you, because I may now hope to get help. But first, you must learn why I have been helpless. My mother became alarmed by my long absence, and the tone of my rare letters. I had sunk into great despondency; an entire change had passed over me. I would not go to her; she came to me, without giving me any notice; and under the influence of her astonishment and grief on seeing the change in me, I told her the simple truth as I have told you to-day."

"And she refused to believe your statement?"

"Absolutely. Among those things which I can never forget, is the betrayal by my mother's face of her first terrible suspicion that I was mad! Her looks, her shrinking, cowering agony might almost have made me so. She consulted her friends, especially Potter, and I let her think I did not know; she got doctors to see me, as though by chance, and I fell in with the pretence. I think they were uncertain for a while, for very close inquiries were made into the possibility of my statement being true. But it was never confirmed in any particular; and when"—his face darkened still more, and his voice changed—"when I was enabled to clear up a portion of the mystery, or, at least, to save them from wasting inquiry in a useless direction, when I could tell them that the man I had killed was not a fisherman or a peasant, but a gentleman, then they resolutely refused to entertain the matter at all. I was pronounced insane; and my poor mother, acting under the advice of her relatives—I have none on my father's side, and am her only son—consigned me to the care of Dr. Mariot, of whom I have not to complain in any respect. Observe, Mr. Carleton, I freely consented. The only difference between my mother and myself is the reason for my seclusion. She holds my case to be one of delusion; I know it to be one of homicidal mania, and that sane as I have been ever since that one outbreak—sane, and sad as sane, Heaven is witness—I am not a man to be entrusted with liberty! Now, you have heard me, Mr. Carleton, will you help me?"

Of course, he had told me the truth. Of course, he was now perfectly sane. A sudden outbreak of homicidal mania was not so very rare a phenomenon; this was a clear case of it. I was convinced, and I would do what he asked, provided I should be assured on good authority that the revelation of the truth, and the discovery of the dead man's identity, would not involve penalties to Winthrop. It was clearly best to assent unconditionally at present; so I assented.

"I will help you, Mr. Winthrop," I said. "But how am I to do so?"

"Prosecute the inquiry for me. You are a journalist and a novelist; make the facts known; you shall have the exact date, and as close a description of the face of the man I killed, as I can give you in words. I am no artist, or I might draw his portrait for you with unerring finality."

The tone in which he uttered these extraordinary words—a complete contradiction of one of his former statements—sent a thrill through me.

"I don't altogether understand you," I said. "You told me, in the course of your narrative, that you had not distinct idea of the man at the time of the occurrence. You did not see him dead; how then can you describe his face?"

He moved a step nearer to me, laid his hand on my arm, looked straight into my eyes, and made me this awful answer:

"Because a face looks over my shoulder all day long; and in the night, when I wake, I know it is there. What face can it be, but his? And it was when I had told my mother that this had come to me, to help me expiate my crime against the living; it was when I would have had the face described in an advertisement, that she refused to believe my story, and they all agreed that I was mad, that it was a case of delusion. Delusion! Mr. Carleton, the face is looking over my shoulder now; it is looking into your eyes; its own are following the change of your countenance."

He had glanced up several times while he spoke, and the action gave terrible reality to this ghastly fancy of his.

"It is the face of a young man, a happy, hopeful, handsome young man! It has dark eyes, crisp-curling, dark brown hair, a smiling mouth; the smile is like a lover's—sweet, musing, and full of memory. And this was he whom I killed!"

Mad! Mad! Mad! I had never seen Winthrop until that day; he was, in the ordinary parlance of the world, nothing to me; but the now overwhelming conviction of his insanity, and the terrible perception of his suffering, caused me acute pain.

"Now, Mr. Winthrop, if you please, all is ready," said a clear, pleasant voice close to us, and Dr. Mariot came up, smiling, but darting a keen look at me. "The light is all it should be, Mr. Janssen tells me, and he is waiting for you."

Winthrop said nothing, but he stepped out from the verandah, and walked briskly towards the group assembled on the lawn.

"I am afraid he has disturbed and distressed you, Mr. Carleton," said the doctor, courteously; "but I thought it better to let him have it out with you, for I could see that you were puzzled, as any one without special experience in mental disease might naturally be. Mr. Winthrop's is one of the most curious cases of delusion I have ever known."

"Such an awful one! So ghastly, so haunting, so inseparable from himself! The wonder is that it has not driven him to suicide long ago."

The doctor looked grave, but did not take up my remark.

"This notion of his, that his imaginary crime might be repeated if he were free from restraint, is no doubt well-founded, and its leading to his voluntary submission to detention is very fortunate."

"Most fortunate. Shall we join the others?"

It was weak on my part, but I did not feel able to do so. I shrank from seeing Winthrop again, and longed to get out of the house.

I therefore pleaded a forgotten engagement, asked the doctor to tell Hendrik, for me, that he would find me at the Hotel du Louvre at seven o'clock, and took my leave.

I walked from Neuilly to the hotel, feeling myself under a strong necessity for tiring myself out, went to my room—one at a pleasant height above the restless, noisy street—placed myself in an arm-chair in front of the window, which I threw open, and fell asleep—as I had done more than once, on reaching a satisfactory crisis in a novel, or bringing a story to a happy conclusion. The perusal of this particular human document had taken a great deal out of me.

I was awakened by the opening of the door, and looked up.

"Hendrik! My dear fellow, what is the matter?"

He took a seat before replying, and then spoke with extreme gravity.

"Something very strange, and inexplicable. I hardly know how to tell it to you best. You are aware of the nature of that poor young man's delusion? Dr. Mariot told me about it while Winthrop was talking to you. It appears that it was supposed possible there might be some truth in the strange story he told when his insanity revealed itself; but the delusion of the face looking over his shoulder disposed of all that. A horrible idea, is it not? I wished I had not heard it, at least until after I had done my work, it gave me such an uncanny feeling; and yet it was well I had heard it. I got to work as usual, and got an impression——"

I bade him, impatiently, go on.

"Lucius," said he, "when I looked at it, Winthrop's was not the only face on the

plate. There was another—looking over his shoulder."

I gasped out something.

"Yes, there it was, the face—the delusion of the poor fellow, which is no delusion at all—the proof of the truth of his story, the evidence that here is a sane, but haunted man, shut up from the world. Don't imagine that I am mad, you shall see it for yourself, to-morrow."

I need not repeat what we said to each other about this occurrence. All our speculations were vain; but we indulged in many, nevertheless. Hendrik recovered composure on the amazing matter sooner than I did.

He was satisfied to admit that, in the present state of our knowledge, it was impossible to account for the presentation of a phantom of the imagination by a sun-picture; but he had no doubt science would supply an explanation in time. He had, however, more to tell me.

"Lucius," he began again, "not only is the face there; but I know it."

"You know it? Whose face is it?"

"It is the face of Robert Trenchard, whom I believed to have been killed, in a sudden fit of madness, by the man who, in Marlot's mad-house, is called Winthrop; and Mechtilde has mourned him for five years, in utter ignorance of his fate."

"Mechtilde! Was he then——"

"They were lovers; but not actually engaged. Trenchard was an American; he was visiting England when I fell in with him, and we grew intimate. I soon saw how it was with him and my sister, and I spoke to him. He was a reserved fellow, and I knew little or nothing of his affairs. I never learned more than that his parents lived in New York; if I had a notion that his father was a very wealthy man, it was only a notion. It was agreed that he should return to his own country, to make such arrangements as he thought fit—and come back to my sister as a suitor of honor should, if he could bring us an assurance of her being welcome in his family in a strange land. With this understanding they parted. He had to go to France on some business, and meant to take a French steamer for New York. Mechtilde had deferred to my wish that she should not write to him until he had written to her; but, from the hour of their parting to the present, she has never heard from or of him. Robert Trenchard vanished utterly out of our knowledge. I cannot tell you what she suffered from hope deferred, from suspense, from the misery of ignorance and dread. All that is over now, of course, and she has outlived it; but it has left an indelible mark upon her, and also made her morbidly anxious and distrustful of the future for Jacqueline. It is two years since Trenchard's name has been uttered in our house. The last time when she begged me to let it be unheard henceforth, and then she said: 'I am sure he is dead, and I am at rest in that security. He has not been faithless.' Lucius, the face on the plate is Trenchard's; how am I to tell her?"

"I do not know. Take time over it; tell her in your own time and your own way that you have certain knowledge of his death; but do not tell her more. Leave her to what peace she has acquired. I think you will find that she will be consoled still as heretofore, by her belief that he was not faithless."

And so, I had been right; Mechtilde Janssen was a woman with a story.

I saw the plate on the following day, and the face was there, looking over Winthrop's shoulder; but, fortunately, not touching it, so Hendrik was able to expunge it without injury to the figure of his sitter.

The likeness was an admirable one. Winthrop's mother—whose name Hendrik never disclosed although, I presume, he learned it—was much pleased, and sent him a message of warm thanks.

A few months later Potter called on Hendrik—who had told me that he had communicated to his sister the fact that Trenchard's death was ascertained beyond a doubt—and gave him news of Winthrop. The poor fellow's health had begun to fail rapidly, apparently without cause, and he was not likely to see another Spring: but he was much less melancholy.

"He sticks to his imaginary murder still, with all the obstinacy of a lunatic," Potter said in conclusion; "but there is one great improvement in his state—the face no longer looks over his shoulder, and he is convinced this is because some imaginary person, who cared for the visionary victim of his uncommitted crime, has been put out of suspense. An extraordinary case of delusion, my dear Janssen. Nothing about the skull to account for it. A most extraordinary case!"

[THE END.]

SOMNAMBULISM.

Many things have been written and said regarding the waking operations of a man's mind, but the silent workings of the same are and have been very often omitted. The silent workings are such as apply only to the mind when asleep. Thus, dreaming, raving, and the like, come under this class. The phenomenon we shall try to explain is that called somnambulism. What is somnambulism? It really means an acted dream.

Indeed, the judgment seems to be entirely gone in the case of the somnambulist. Dangers are encountered and feats of strength accomplished that would appear miraculous to the person who did them if awake. Take for instance, the case of the gentleman and his nightcap. Every morning this gentleman's nightcap went amissing. No clue could be got to its whereabouts or how it had been disposed of. At length he was suspected of being a somnambulist. He was watched. During the middle of the night he rose from bed, proceeded to the top flat of the house, opened the window in the roof, climbed from there to the rigging of the house, along which he proceeded with the greatest agility, pulled off his nightcap, and carefully placed it in the chimney-pot! This he had been doing for nights in succession, for in the chimney dozens of the caps were found. Yet, when that man thought of his perilous walk, he shuddered at the very idea of walking along such a narrow foothold.

Cases, also, are on record in which the mind while in a state of somnambulism has shown itself more acute and active than when awake.

A lawyer's case may be cited. This lawyer had for days tried to find out a method he could adopt for clearing a client's reputation. The case presented peculiar difficulties, which, indeed, were so difficult that the night preceding the trial found the lawyer still fighting for a solution of the problem. At length he gave up in despair and went to bed.

During the night, his wife saw him rise from bed and proceed to the table. He searched for pen, ink, and paper, and when he found these, he sat down and wrote hurriedly. At length he stopped writing, placed the paper carefully away, and returned to bed.

Next morning he went up betimes to get 'a solution,' as he told his wife. But she had good news for him. She bade him search his desk. There he found a paper written out evidently a short time ago by his own hand; but when he did it was quite a mystery to him.

He read the paper, and found that it gave him the very key he had been trying to get for his case. He expressed astonishment at the affair, and was sitting down to attempt by aid of memory to know what it all meant.

His wonder can be better imagined than described when he was informed by his wife that he had written it but a few hours before, while in a state of somnambulism.

From so many divergent cases it is very difficult to draw any inference on which we can depend for strict accuracy. But be this as it may, it cannot be doubted at least that the somnambulist can accomplish things he could never do if awake. There is a putting on of a new nature.

The timid become fearless; the weak become strong; and the mediocre become ingenious. The only conclusion we can come to is, that the mind works under conditions, and displays phenomena, which as yet science has but imperfectly observed, and still less carefully concluded what their meaning implies.

All the five senses of the somnambulist are not awake when he is in the state of active dreaming. There may be the activity of the eye along with the torpor of the ear; the activity of the mind along with the sleep of one or more of the senses.

But, as a rule, the muscular sense seems always active; and many of the most remarkable performances both of natural and induced somnambulism seem referable to the extraordinary intensity with which impressions on that sense are perceived, in consequence of the exclusive fixation of the attention on its guidance.

The dominant idea in the mind generally finds great help from the muscular sensations; the prevailing idea, indeed, is expressed by the various motions of the body. A mathematician will work out a difficult problem; an orator will make a most effective speech; a musician will draw forth most enchanting harmonies from his accustomed instrument; a mimic will keep the spectators in roars of laughter at the drollness of his imitations.

These and a thousand other examples can be given of the various phases of somnambulism. It was said that there may be the torpor of one of the senses attended with the activity of the other.

The following story illustrates this. Calvin and another friend were once travelling through Germany. One evening they arrived at a country inn tired and jaded. After refreshments, they resolved to employ their time in reading and listening to a book on theology.

Calvin's friend was elected to read. This he did for about half an hour. Now and then Calvin put in a word of criticism; but he was surprised that his friend made no reply, but always continued reading. At length Calvin came to the conclusion that his friend was asleep and yet reading. The inference was correct, for when Calvin awoke him, the man, although he had been reading aloud most carefully, did not know one single fact the book contained!

The curious fact regarding somnambulism is, that the person subject to it cannot remember anything he did while in that state. This differentiates it from dreaming. And again, it often occurs that the mind of the somnambulist can be gradually diverted by careful scheming, into any channel the experimenter desires. The case of the officer who served in the expedition to Louisburg may be taken as an example of this kind of somnambulism.

The narrator of the story says:

"At one time they (his companions) conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put in his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated all the motion of swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course."

There is also a peculiar case of somnambulism called "induced somnambulism." It consists in the maintenance of a fixed gaze, for several minutes consecutively, on a bright object placed somewhat above and in front of the eyes, at so short a distance that the convergence of their axes upon it is accompanied with a sense of effort even amounting to pain.

When the state of somnambulism is thus obtained, just as the natural, there is no remembrance of what the mind or body was engaged with. There is, however, less agility shown by the person in this state. In natural somnambulism, every part of the muscular system seems to be active and capable of doing almost miracles; but when in the induced somnambulistic state, the person's movements are slow, and the mind's activity is very heavy and difficult to rouse.

STINGS FOR THE STINGY.—The following are from a collection of epigrams relating to the miserly habits of certain illustrious men. This is one on Malborough, a couplet, about a bridge over a small stream at Blenheim:

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

Once a rat was found dead in Lord Eldon's house, and an anonymous epigram was composed for the occasion:

"Found dead, a rat—no case could sure be harder,
Verdict—confined a week in Eldon's larder."

Hook was once invited to dine at the Star and Garter by a skinflint peer. For a party of four there was a small chop apiece, a few potatoes, and a pint of sherry. After the meagre dinner, Hook sang the nation anthem with the refrain:

"Happy and glorious,
A pint between four of us,
God save the king."

The smartest of this collection is not in verse, but plain prose, and Hook said it. Invited to dine by a lady, a plate was uncovered, and a brace of scant cutlets exposed.

"Mr. Hook," said the hostess, "you see your dinner."

"Thank you," observed Hook; "but where's yours?"

We should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men.

Scientific and Useful.

A SENSIBLE UMBRELLA.—Birmingham, England, employs 1000 umbrella makers. One of them claims to have invented a transparent umbrella that will allow the bearer to see what he or she is about to run into, as well as what is about to run into him or her.

CLEANING.—To clear ornaments of alabaster, dissolve borax in boiling water and apply with a cloth or soft brush; rinse carefully and dry in the sun. (2) Glass vessels may be cleaned by shaking in them, when half full of water, crushed egg shells; or shot may be employed in the same way and is equally effective. Care should be taken, however, to thoroughly rinse the article before using it again.

THE TELEPHONE.—A very interesting telephone experiment has been tried in England. The Rev. Cowper Smith and his deacons have allowed the local telephone company to place their transmitters in his church, with the result that persons in various distant parts of the town were enabled to hear and enjoy all parts of the Sunday services. Doctors with their patients, apothecaries' assistants in their shops, an invalid lady confined to her room, and others used the instruments, and heard distinctly the singing, reading, preaching, prayers and all the sounds of the moving congregation.

BOOTS.—A London shoemaker has invented a boot to make small people appear tall. The invention is an odd and ingenious one. Instead of tacking six inches on to a person's heel, a pair of entirely false feet made of cork is put into the shoes. When the wearer gets into them he or she is raised according to the inches of cork. Of course, in this invention the original foot is made to combine with the cork one under the leather in such a manner that the line of demarkation is not perceptible. The size of the foot is sacrificed, it is true, and a larger boot is necessary with the cork "elevator" than would be the case naturally.

Farm and Garden.

COLD.—A small crack in the wall of the stable will do greater injury than to leave a window out. More harm results from a constant current of air coming on a portion of the body of an animal than when the animal is exposed entirely.

GETTING THE BEST.—The Swiss Government very wisely distributes $30,000 every year in prizes for bulls. The prize bulls are not allowed to be taken out of the country. The chief sources of farm profit in that country are from butter and cheese.

POULTRY.—Dressed poultry commands 5 cents more per pound than live poultry. For a six-pound fowl this is 30 cents. As dressed poultry can be more easily shipped to market also, it should pay to dress the poultry instead of shipping alive in coops.

FODDER.—Instead of exposing the corn-fodder in the fields it should be stored under cover as soon as dry enough, and it would be an advantage to have it in the barn before it gets wet, which, however, is always possible, but the less exposure to rain the better.

THE SOIL.—Cultivation of the soil is at the foundation of our civilization. Without it there could be no permanent abiding place for the family. It would seem desirable, then, that our farmers be taught the greatest wisdom, that they may see and rule wisely, and their muscle strengthened to give them physical endurance for every emergency or struggle.

PASTURING.—"I have seen," says a sheep farmer, "a field which had been used as a pasture for colts and calves till about one third of it was covered with golden-rod and blackberry vines changed to a fine grassy sward in three years by putting in a few more sheep than it would keep in good condition, and giving them extra food to make up the deficiency."

SALT.—Salt is seldom given poultry, under the supposition that it is injurious, which is true if the salt is given in large quantities; but recent experiments prove that salt is necessary to a limited extent, as hens will lay more eggs and remain in good condition by allowing salt than if it is withheld entirely. The proper mode of giving salt to poultry is by seasoning the soft food allowed to hens.

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Giving and Receiving.

The subject of presents, their giving and their receiving, is one which periodically makes its appearance in every household. On the wedding of any near relative or intimate friend, the matter is revived; and in spite of the large amount of discussion the question on each occasion receives, a similar condition of nebulous uncertainty exists whenever the point recurs.

There is, of course, much that is genuine in the feeling which dictates the custom of giving presents; but it is impossible not to see that in many cases it is regarded as a social exaction, severely taxing alike the purse, the ingenuity, and the tact of the donor.

Where the genuine desire exists to increase one's friends' or relations' possessions with some positively useful or seasonable object, there is usually very little difficulty in the choice; but when, as in the present day, so many subtle social factors are brought into play in the regulation of friendship, the trouble is—to some people at least—considerable.

The wedding present difficulty may be regarded as one of a peculiarly exasperating nature to all concerned, except perhaps the manufacturers and vendors of such expensive trifles.

In this connection, a point in which a vast amount of ingenuity will be displayed by some is the skill with which a purchase will be made, the actual value of which it would be difficult for any but the initiated to suspect.

To obtain something which will look like what it has cost, or, if possible, a little more, is a desideratum with not a few.

Again, to those who possess a large circle of friends and acquaintances, there enters the question of duly considering the natural susceptibilities and the tastes of each and all; in the present day, indeed, the latter point is one which needs most careful consideration.

With those who are known to possess a knowledge of art and the many fascinating ins and outs of bric a brac, greater care in selection is necessary than with those who are regarded by their friends as being indifferent to such matters.

Altogether, the question is one fraught with innumerable difficulties.

In spite of all these inconveniences, it must be admitted that there remains some slight element of pleasure in the matter of present choosing, for the exercise of a present entails the pleasant exercise of a certain amount of patronage, and, it may be added, not a little "shopping," with the concomitant excitement of turning over any quantity of articles to be selected from.

Bewilderment, it is true, only too usually on such occasions seizes the unwary, with the fatal result so familiar to all who have either been married or had any acquaintance with newly married couples.

An eminent painter is indeed known to have once affirmed as one of the reasons for his refusing to enter into the state of matrimony, that he dreaded the avalanche of wedding presents with which he knew he would be overwhelmed by an admiring circle of friends and relatives, whom he would be too sensitive to offend by treating their respective offerings in accordance more with the artistic taste displayed by each than by the position of the donor.

As a matter of fact, this latter point is not the least of the many difficulties surrounding the question of giving presents.

Though in the abstract, and indeed in the concrete, it may seem pleasant to receive presents, in not a few cases their receipt is regarded only in the light of a troublesome formality, the very practical expression, in fact, of that species of gratitude which has been well defined as a lively sense of favors yet to come; for it would seem a tacitly accepted understanding that some return is expected.

Again, there are the presents which certain persons of grateful disposition consider it right to bestow on friends and relatives for services rendered—services which could not exactly be repaid in money—a form of present which happily possesses few or no disagreeable elements, though requiring not a little tact in its management.

This tact is no less necessary in the distribution of those well-meant and generally essentially useful presents which the well-to-do are in the habit of sending from time to time to their poor relations.

In spite, however, of all these and numerous other features, many of them agreeable, many others very much the reverse, which enter into the custom, the custom of giving presents retains its hold on society, a hold which, indeed, it is safe to predict, it is scarcely likely to lose, for the institution is one apparently ingrained in human nature.

YOUNG men, let us remember that real ability is shown not in criticising but in constructing. It does not require much brains to be a destroying critic. Small calibered men can point out what they suppose are defects in the Iliad. An idiot can manipulate the muscles of his face and nose so as to manufacture a sneer; but he couldn't look intelligently beautiful though he tried ever so hard. A tramp with his foul fist and club could deface and destroy a masterpiece of a marble statue. It would require the genius of a Phidias to replace it. A low browed firebug could apply the incendiary's torch to the finest architectural structure that stands like frozen music before the rapturous gaze of men. It requires a Christopher Wren to erect such a structure. A band of mad Nihilists could in one night demolish and destroy every work of art in the Louvre. It would require the geniuses of ten centuries to rebuild and replace it. Real worth is shown not in destruction, but in construction.

AFFLICTIONS, in whatever form they come, are like a curtain dropped from heaven to earth, closing in the soul with God, and shutting out the world. What time the evening begins to fall, the landscape with its woods and waters, its flowers and trees, its vales and lofty hills, fades from the sight; but up yonder, in the darkling firmament, a solitary star comes out, and as the darkness deepens, still more brightly shines that evening star. So is it with affliction, when it falls upon a pious soul. Then is its hour of night, when the spirit shadows of darkness gather round it, and the world, like the landscape, is shut out. But there heaven high, up in the very darkness, like the star of evening, God's loving eye is seen to shine; and the soul, which in prosperity perhaps saw it not, cannot but see it now.

WHEN secular pursuits leave no room for more important duties, the mind may gradually become so infatuated as to be pleased with its shackles, and mistake prosperity for peace, till at length nothing less than a total reverse of the scene may be sufficient to break the enchantment.

As every degree of hatred, envy or contempt entertained in the mind must unavoidably cut off its communication with Divine good, surely no one in that state can be the instrument or channel of conveying it to another.

IN the case of the seed, or the "bare grain," cast into the ground to die, the resurrection is to a new life—to a life altogether new and fresh. So in the case of this mortal body, the life which it is to receive through its dissolution in the grave may be new and fresh; as new and fresh as was the life which man's body had before the condition of mortality attached to it all. Nay, it may be a better life even than that. Death is not the destruction, but the quickening of it.

MEN see one phase of a person perhaps strongly exhibited, and straightway judge him by that. Perhaps, if they would wait and watch, they would see him hating those very faults in himself, and weeping bitter tears over them. Certain they would see other and redeemable qualities.

IN ascending the mount of rectitude we are more apt to indulge in reflecting on the past than in contemplating the future; and so, comparing our attainments rather with those behind than with those before us, we easily and often mistake our resting places for our journey's end.

A CORRUPT will is never without reasons for not listening to the dictates of conscience; it dreads nothing more than its own reformation, and consequently prefers contradictions to certainty.

AN oratorical exposure of the depravity of human nature is no more a proof of victory over it than an elaborate lecture on the materia medica is a proof of a healthy constitution.

IF the obscurities occasioned by the depravity of human nature were removed the heart of one man would answer to that of another, as face answers to face in a glass.

VIRTUE, by regulating our desires, not only improves and prolongs the comforts of this transitory life, but prepares us to resign them without murmuring.

A HUMBLE mind seldom exercises itself in great matters; its attention is to real requirings, and these relate, for the most part to the day of small things.

SELF-CONFIDENCE is apt to contemn or disregard those humbling attentions to the warning voice of wisdom, by which alone we are preserved from evil.

PERSONAL blemishes are so far like a mirror that they expose as much the deformity of those who ridicule them as of those who are ridiculed.

IF no one were to offer advice to others till he had submitted to it himself, it is probable the number of counselors would be considerably reduced.

IT is one of Satan's most subtle devices to put a person upon trying to humble another's pride by a malignant and insidious exercise of his own.

To desire to know that, which if we should know and be required to do we would nevertheless refuse to comply with, is not true devotion.

THE one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine.

THOSE who do not spare others have no just claim to indulgence themselves, and when they fall seldom excite much compassion.

PERSONS of weak minds and a strong will seldom suspect the mischief they continually occasion to originate with themselves.

THE desire of happiness is natural to the human mind; but all do not consider where alone it is to be found, nor in what it consists.

THE lessons of life make deeper impressions than the lessons of books, because they touch the heart before they reach the head.

AN effort to quiet a wounded conscience by a repetition of sin is like flying from a serpent and meeting a lion.

The World's Happenings.

Pies are unknown in Paris.

Of 9,000,000 Germans living away from Fatherland 7,000,000 are in this country.

Swallows are being trained in France to act as carriers of dispatches in case of war.

The purpose of making envelopes blue on the inside is to prevent transparency—and scrutiny.

Doctors who recommend quinine say that onions are the next best thing to knock a chill.

General Boulanger has been offered $300 per week to pose as a hero in a Chicago dime museum.

The Bank of England employs over one thousand clerks, and its buildings cover eight acres.

Bird's nests of the edible sort bring their weight in silver for the tables of rich Chinese mandarins.

Farmer Baker, of Lyons, Ia., after suffering two weeks from uncontrollable hiccough, died of exhaustion.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayner, of Buskirks, N. Y., weigh 725 pounds—Mrs. H., who is the better-half, weighing 410.

Pope Leo rises at 6 30 the year through, and often gives audience to his secretaries before sitting down to breakfast.

A Chicago husband and wife both filed petitions for divorce on the same day, each without the knowledge of the other.

Sewer diggers in Ticonderoga, N. Y., lately, came upon the bones of Lord Howe, killed in battle there on July 8, 1758.

The Sultan of Turkey maintains 474 carriages, at an expense of 2,200,000 francs a year. Most of these carriages are of French make.

The amount of money distributed this year in the betting ring at the races on tracks near New York city is estimated at $30,000,000.

An electric car company in Erie, so it is said, details an extra man on each car on market days to help ladies on and off with their baskets.

A New York dressmaker has complained to Court of a dingy old green parrot next door which awakes her in the morning by shouting "Extra!"

A crank at Altoona wanted a telegraph operator to send his love to every operator in the world, and to collect the costs on delivery of the messages.

A Savannah paper tells of a woman in Wadley, Ga., who has become a grandmother at the age of 30. She married when only 14, and her daughter did likewise.

A Stony Run cow has recently died from over-indulging in a lot of pastry. A baker's wagon was upset in a stream and the cow ate several pies which floated down.

At Altheimer, Arkansas, two colored preachers have been jailed on a charge of arson. The building burned was a meeting-house belonging to an opposition sect.

Somebody figures out that 3,000,000 people walk about London's streets daily, and that in so doing they wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes.

According to a recent estimate the number of war vessels launched last year by the naval powers of the world was 63, while more than 100 were building when it closed.

Among the aged domestic animals owned by farmer Brown, of Tuscarawas county, Ohio, are a dog 16 years of age, a cat that is nearly 17, a rooster of 13 summers, and a cow of 22.

The late Wilkie Collins was a victim of the opium habit, and, his friend Edmund Yates says, took more pure laudanum than would have sufficed to kill a ship's crew or a company of soldiers.

Justice Ford, of New York, has committed to prison a young man who made from $2 to $10 a day by begging, disguised in rags, and who lived like a lord at nights, moving in high society.

When the boilers of the steamer Corona exploded, destroying 40 lives, nothing was saved except the certificate of the United States boiler inspector to the effect that the boilers were all right.

At Tonawanda, N. Y., John Roach, an old pensioner of the British army, won a wager by drinking a quart of whisky in 2½ minutes, and was volunteering to drink an additional pint when he fell dead.

A joker on 'Change at Cincinnati was observed to have a white thread on his shoulder. Of course, the first friend he met undertook to brush it off, and, failing, picked it up and pulled, and was astonished to find it without an end. The full spool was in his breast pocket.

The best-hundred-books idea has reached Germany. Thirty-five lists being given, the following English authors were included in the number stated: "Shakspeare, 21; Byron, 14; Scott, 14; Dickens, 14; Macaulay, 11; Darwin, 10; Burns, 9; Thackeray, 5; Carlyle, 5; G. Eliot, 3; Chaucer, 2."

At the Paris Exposition a Florentine friar shows a watch only a quarter of an inch in diameter. It has not only the two regular hands, but a third which marks the seconds, and a microscopic dial which indicates the days, weeks, months and years. It also contains an alarm, and on its front lid or cover an ingeniously cut figure of St. Francis.

Louis Miller was married 25 years ago in St. Petersburg, Russia, to a young and beautiful woman. Shortly after he came to St. Louis and amassed a fortune. Eventually their correspondence ceased through defective hotel service in Russia. Each believed the other dead. In fact, he once received a letter announcing his wife's death, and remarried. A few days ago the first wife came to this city and found her husband. Upon explanation being made wife No. 2 agreed to withdraw in favor of No. 1, and yesterday she began a friendly divorce suit.

THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

BY S. M. B.

I sat by the day and watched its sun
  Grow pale and hide in the western frown;
The golden gleams died one by one,
  And oh, how the shades of night dropped down!

I sat by my life and watched its fire
  Sail into a sea of sighs and drown,
I saw its radiant rays expire,
  And oh, how the shades of night dropped down!

A Practical Test.

BY A. C. S.

TOM CHESTER lived by himself in a house furnished and decorated under his own inspection—art-furniture being one of his many "fads."

"I like to strike out a line for myself in furnishing, as well as in other things," he used often to say to his friends.

But the friends did not much like the line he had struck out in the smoking-room. It consisted of two oak settles, one on each side of the fire, with very straight, tall backs, and no cushions. Tom had picked them up cheap in an old village inn.

"So unconventional," he said. The friends, generally with a backache at the moment, sighed after conventionality, but said little, for Tom had very good whisky, and was a very good fellow, they all said, except when his favorite "fad" of all was in his mind.

At the first sign of the entrance of this into the conversation, the friends usually had engagements which demanded their immediate presence. It was heralded by one particular sentence which they well knew.

"I do not believe in arbitrary class distinctions," Tom would begin. "I have, in fact, a practical test——"

But at that moment the sole occupant of the settles was generally Tom himself.

"Ah, well!" he soliloquized on these occasions, "a successful experiment will convince not only the flippant but the thoughtful world. I can wait."

The last few words were true. Patience was certainly one of Tom's leading characteristics.

Still, one night when the friends had left him in peace, he was sitting alone on the end of one of the settles, kicking the top bar of the grate, with a frown on his face, as he said to himself:

"Three years—four years—should be enough; but it is difficult work. Now, last night she did not seem to appreciate the 'French Revolution' nearly so much. Had some different frock on—thinking of that, no doubt. I'll ask Mrs. Smith to prevent that sort of distraction, at any rate—— What did you say, Mary? I didn't ring."

He turned round with a shade of irritation in his voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Chester," corrected Tom.

"Yes, Mr. Chester. I couldn't remember what you gave me to learn."

"Couldn't remember!" began Tom. "Fetch the book here, Mary, at once."

Tom's voice made her steps speedy, and in less than three minutes she stood at the elbow of his chair with the most modern of French grammar books in her small hand.

He found the place he had carefully marked the night before, and was going to give her a scolding in the tone of voice from which his friends fled, when he glanced up at her—and involuntarily softened his words and tone.

The girl standing by him was plainly so frightened, so very anxious to take in what he said to her now, that his scolding ended abruptly in:

"Make haste then, Mary, and never forget again."

Downstairs she ran, and, drawing a chair up to the kitchen fire, put the book and her elbows on her knees, and gave her mind to the part Tom had marked, only disturbed by the voice of Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper, as she said at intervals of five minutes, which were given to complications in her knitting.

"There, Polly, my girl, don't worry your brains too much. What master wants with teaching you such stuff, I can't think. Cooking and cleaning—that's what I was taught; and it's poor comfort master would have if no one knew nothing but books."

Mrs. Smith had made these remarks before during the eighteen months Polly had lived in Mr. Chester's house, therefore they did not engross her attention. She worked till the kitchen clock struck half-past, and then starting up, said:

"Mrs. Smith, I'm ready."

"Very well, my girl. You might straighten you hair a little, though, while I pick up these stitches."

Polly rummaged in a large, deep drawer, and at last extracted from a mass of muslin, cheap lace, and ribbon, two exercise books, a pen, and a much-worn book of History. Armed with these, she, Mrs Smith, and the knitting went upstairs.

Tom was in the library—a room containing no temptation to anything but study. He had lined it with books, and excluded all easy-chairs.

The drawing-room was their place, he said, and theirs alone in Tom's house; for no one entered the drawing-room except admiring friends of Mrs. Smith and Polly, when Tom was out and they had "company to tea."

On one straight-backed chair Tom waited for them. Mrs. Smith took another, to which she was evidently well accustomed, at the end of the table; and Polly sat down at Tom's right hand.

He had on a pair of spectacles, not needed in the least by his thirty-five years; but he had always a sort of feeling that they would be a help to him in gaining and keeping Polly's attention.

Very carefully she went through the French exercise she gave him, underlining her mistakes, and only once stopping when Polly said, apologetically:

"It's blotted, and that I know," to say, "You do not need the words 'and that,' Mary."

Then he went through the mistakes with her, explaining each at length; so much so, indeed, that Mary's thoughts had wandered to a "gray costume" she meant to have for Sundays, before he came to the last.

She was recalled abruptly by his demand for her grammar book; but the verb committed to memory in the kitchen had more or less left it in the library, and the spectacles were wholly unnecessary aids to the gravity of Tom's countenance, when he laid down the book and took up Green's "History of the English People," which he read aloud to her on alternate nights with Carlyle, while she took notes.

She had covered about two pages of her note-book, with a straggling hand-writing, when nine o'clock struck. Tom's voice and the click of Mrs. Smith's needles stopped together.

"I should like better preparation next time, Mary," he said, as he shut the book.

"Yes, Mr. Chester; good night, Mr. Chester."

Followed by Mrs. Smith with a decorous "Good night, sir," Mary left the room, slowly at first; but when they reached the kitchen stairs, it did not need Mrs. Smith's "Hurry, and see after supper, Polly," to send her flying down the steps with a swiftness which gave the books she threw on the table impetus enough to send them off again.

Tom put away the books, took off his spectacles, and stood by the fire, lighting a cigar with some deliberation, and thinking of the work he had tried to do that evening, and on many an evening before.

His "fad" was very near his heart. Two years before, when Mrs. Smith told him that her failing powers needed the help of younger eyes and fingers to keep his house, it had occurred to him that here was the opportunity he had long wanted, to prove his theory that education alone transformed a man into a "gentleman," a woman into a "lady;" that the accident of birth was nothing, for all class distinctions were the mere arbitrary growth of ages of ignorance.

He inquired carefully into the system of teaching pursued at most of the large orphanages, and having discovered the one he considered most complete, took from it Mary, aged fifteen, bright, intelligent, and with a manner neither too assured nor too shy.

"Excellent ground," he said to himself. "She will assist my housekeeper, and her education will be carried on by myself," he said to the head of the institution, who stared, but said nothing.

At eighteen he meant to send her to a thoroughly good finishing school for a year, to acquire whatever might be beyond his own power to give; and then he would reach the crowning point of his "practical test"—he would marry her.

And the only day-dream Tom ever had was one of a day when he would be able to say, in a large room full of incredulous people, including most of his friends:

"Allow me to introduce—my wife."

Whilst whispers should fall on his ears of "Charming woman!" "Curiously successful case."

* * * * * *

It was a wet Sunday. Tom had turned over books, smoked, and used strong language about the weather, most of the day; and at four o'clock he could no longer endure it, but hailed the first break in the clouds, and set out for a house where he had a standing invitation from an old friend of his family, for "Any Sunday afternoon."

He very seldom availed himself of this, for he cared little for society, and had no great liking for this special form of it.

But he felt it part of his work not to lose touch with the world which was to welcome his wife—to acknowledge the success of his experiment.

Mrs. Courtley was "at home," and Tom was shown into her large, bright drawing-room, a cheering contrast to the wet streets, and his own library.

It was full of people, and Tom had for a moment some difficulty in seeing his little, keen-eyed, sparkling hostess. He made his way to her, and was greeted laughingly by her with:

"Well, Mr. Chester, is Diogenes your ideal at present? I thought I had lost you as a guest; an old woman doesn't like that. Never mind, sir, I shall forgive you this time, though you don't deserve it. You're a favorite of mine, don't you know. And now you want some one younger than myself to talk to. Let me introduce you to my niece, Lady Maria Wood. Maria, my dear," to a tall girl who had been standing near the fire, but turned at the words, and acknowledged Mr. Chester's bow.

"Let me get you a chair," said Tom to her, being the first thing he thought of.

"Thank you," she said, with a smile. "I was sitting here just now, behind Aunt Sarah; there's room: sit down, won't you? Do you know my aunt well? She seemed to have missed you. I've never been here before, and I don't know any one. I do so want to; and I can't very well go up to Aunt Sarah, and say, for instance, 'Who is the old gentleman in the very shabby brown coat?' He's someone clever, I know; he's written a book or something. Do tell me if you know. I've never been in London before; my home's in Ireland. Isn't that a confession!—the first, I mean—well, both, perhaps."

She had chattered fast, and stopped a moment to rest, leaving Tom leisure to glance at his face, while he tried to frame an answer which should belong to all her queries.

A sweet, round, girlish face met his eyes—young, fair, with soft brown hair all round it.

The slight, young figure looked slighter still in the dark-green cloth dress she wore; and Tom saw that he was talking to a young woman belonging to a class he had often contemptuously described as "neither one thing nor the other," neither schoolgirl or woman.

But contempt was the feeling furthest from Tom that afternoon. He listened to her chatter, and gave her information concerning things and persons in London, which was a little vague and reckless; but laughed and confessed himself frankly when she said, after one or two of his most astonishing statements, in her pretty voice:

"Are you sure, Mr. Chester?"

When Mrs. Courtley came up to their corner, and said, "Maria, you will sing to us?" Tom, to his own great surprise, found himself offering to turn over her pages of music.

Directly after, it occurred to him that he knew not a note of music, and should probably make a muddle of it.

"Never mind," he said to himself, "it's a song. I'll go for the words."

And go for the words he did, manfully; and afterwards her pretty, "Thank you, Mr. Chester; you turned them exactly right," helped to make him really vexed to realise that it was six o'clock, and he must at once find Mrs. Courtley and take his leave, if he meant to be in time for a never-neglected Sunday duty—tea in the library with Mrs. Smith and Polly.

* * * * * *

He was quite in time. Polly—in a dark green dress, with a wide stripe of bright red all down the front, bordered with shining and wonderful buttons, the whole copied with infinite pains from one she had seen in church, and mentally exaggerated during her walk home—had just brought up tea.

"Tell Mrs. Smith I'm in," Tom said to her; whereupon she ran down the kitchen stairs, and reappeared with Mrs. Smith on her arm.

They sat down, and Tom began the conversation, as he always did on these occasions, by what he flattered himself were brief, well-chosen allusions to the simpler topics of the day.

Mrs. Smith's replies were chiefly, "Yes, sir; really, sir; no, sir," in unvarying order, with no regard to the subject under discussion.

Polly's remarks, Tom prided himself, had lately shown growing intelligence; but to-night it seemed to him she was more apt than ever before to break into his own decidedly elevating topic, with references to "that dreadful poisoning case in Hoxton," and "that murder at Manchester."

Her frock, too, surely it wasn't quite what it should be—and yet he had seen friends of his in something like that.

He thought she sat unusually awkwardly on her chair, too, and she had apparently quite forgotten his bygone remonstrances on the subject of grammatical errors.

Tom felt very disheartened when Polly, Mrs. Smith, and the tea-things had gone downstairs.

He had watched Polly fold the tablecloth with an odd sense of a difference between those strong, firm, pink hands, and the white ones he had seen playing with her fire-screen, as their owner talked to him in Mrs. Courtley's drawing-room, three hours before.

"But she'll get on all right with patience," said Tom to himself, with returning hope, as he filled his second pipe in the smoking-room, "and I might, perhaps, speak about that frock."

At the end of the next week Tom had a letter, which he had for some time been vaguely expecting. He received it, however, not without a great deal of grumbling.

A cousin with whom, in spite of his many odd ways, Tom had always been a favorite, had made him promise to come to her wedding.

"Some time next summer," she had said when she told him he "must come."

May—early in May as it was, too—hardly struck Tom as summer. Still, he put that down to the general unreliableness and unreasonableness of women's plans, and, with several heavy sighs, packed his portmanteau.

Anything out of the ordinary routine of his life he disliked intensely; and now he felt a martyr indeed, for he had been weak enough, as he called it on the way down, to obey a sentence in his cousin's letter, which had said:

"And you must come on Monday, Tom. If you only come on Wednesday, I shouldn't see you. Several other people are coming on Monday, too."

He reached his destination rather late in the evening, and came into the drawing-room after he had dressed for dinner, only just in time to be told:

"Take in Lady Maria Wood with you. Girl over there—white frock, brown hair."

Very much astonished, Tom made his way to her. She received him with a little start, and said in the pretty voice Tom had remembered clearly for the last ten days:

"Oh, Mr. Chester, I'm so glad to see you. I didn't know you were to be here. Lucy only said, 'my cousin.'"

"Then you know Lucy?" Tom said, feeling at the same time that this statement of a self-evident fact could hardly be called a brilliant conversational effort.

"Oh, yes, we were at school together. I never knew she was your cousin till the other day. How stupid I am! How could I know? I'm to be her bridesmaid. Don't you hope it'll be fine on Wednesday, and to-morrow, too, that we may have some tennis?"

Tom said, hastily, that there was nothing he had more at heart, or words to that effect.

But whether his wishes were immediately and literally concerned or not, the weather next day could not better have met Lady Maria's.

It was remarkable for characteristics foreign to most days in May—it was both warm and fine.

Most of the people staying in the house spent the greater part of the day playing tennis. Among them, of course, Tom and Lady Maria.

And, at the end of the day, Tom could not in the least make up his mind whether Lady Maria's pretty figure and sweet face shone more to advantage in her loose, soft flannel tennis frock, or the trim, dark one he had first seen her in.

"How do some women know what to buy, and not others?" he wondered idly, as he sat under the trees getting cool after an exciting and exhausting victory.

The first night Tom dreamt of Lady Maria at frequent intervals; on the second he could not sleep at all for the thought of her; and he got up on the third morning determined that he would "put his fate to

the touch"—ask her if there was any hope at all for him. As to Polly, "his practical test," his final triumph to come—a pair of bright blue eyes, a pretty face, and sweet, girlish ways had taken them utterly out of Tom's life for the moment.

He was thoroughly head over ears in love with Lady Maria.

"If she won't have me? Well, let's only hope she will," was all the reasoning Tom was capable of, during his shaving that morning.

Luncheon time came; Tom had nerved himself for the crisis.

At two o'clock the wedding came off; and Tom stood in the church feeling every moment worse, while he watched Lady Maria, who seemed to him more lovely than ever in her faint yellow silk.

The afternoon went by; the bride was gone, every one else going by the evening train, as Tom himself meant to do.

He pulled his courage together; found Lady Maria in the garden; told her he never afterwards could remember what; and listened breathlessly for her answer.

It came:

"Oh, Mr. Chester, I'm so sorry; but—but I'm engaged! I'm so sorry, though."

* * * * * *

He caught the earliest possible train, and had nearly reached home when his arm was seized by one of his friends—the most obnoxious of them all, Tom thought him at that moment.

"Oh, Chester, old fellow!" he began; "been down at that wedding, haven't you? See Maria Wood there? Told me she was going. Nice girl, don't you think? We're engaged, you know. Only a fortnight, though; not at all too late for your congratulations."

Tom was close to his own door. He took out his latch-key, and saying to the somewhat discomfited friend:

"All right, you shall have them—some time."

He then let himself in and slammed the door. There was a bright fire in the library. Polly brought his slippers and lit the lamp.

Gradually Tom began to feel a more placid frame of mind coming over him. Lady Maria was sweet. Tom gave a very heavy sigh. She was—well, everything; but, after all, what was the use of thinking about it now?

And he could still do mankind that great service, still show them his principle proved by his practical test; and, who could tell?—many might go and do likewise, and the result for the race be beyond words to describe.

The warm glow known only to the benefactor of his race was beginning to overcome Tom's crushed feeling of despair; the fire was warming him thoroughly.

He had just decided to send for Polly for an hour's reading, and had mentally chosen the finishing school, when Mrs. Smith's tread was heard outside.

"Come in," Tom said, in answer to her knock.

She came in; stood just inside, twisting her black apron. At last, when Tom turned hastily around and said, "Well?" she began:

"Yes, sir. Polly, she didn't like to come and tell you herself. She's that silly, when I tell her you'd be sure to be pleased; it's a very good thing for her. Well, sir, it's the postman that brings the evening letters. He's wanted her ever so long; and now he wants her to name the day, and they'll have the banns put up next Sunday—if you're agreeable, sir?"

The Lost Wager.

BY T. CHAMBERS

FORTUNE has queer methods of distributing her favors, and the way she showed her partiality for Gustavus Chuler was to give him a rich father.

In attending to his many offices, Chuler senior so succeeded in exhausting the labor market that nothing was left for Gustavus to do but play pool, billiards, stroll down Pall-Mall, and take to himself other soul-stirring and vigorous recreations.

In this walk of life he was ably aided and abetted by a companion in leisure named Nathaniel Blossom, an ingenious inventor of expedients, not to catch Time by the forelock, but rather to push him along.

By a stroke of fate, it happened that Gustavus one fine morning came across Mr. Blossom in Bond Street, and after remarks on their happy conjunction, invited Nathaniel to walk with him.

Some way down the street the pair stopped before the plate-glass front of Mr. Tompkins, their trusty and trusting tailor.

Behind the window, in addition to the "newest in tweeds," there had lately been arranged a miniature Madame Tussaud's of stony-faced waxen figures.

"I say, Gus," said Mr. Blossom, in a thoughtful tone, "what a lot of dummies Tompkins has got in his window! That's the way our money goes, old fellow, to clothe those wax beggars."

Considering the many vain overtures Mr. Tompkins had been making to Nathaniel for the settlement of his neat little account, the providing of raiment for dummies could only by a stretch of the imagination be said to effect Mr. Blossom's exchequer.

"I do believe," went on Nathaniel, "that our respected creditor puts them in the window to stare us out of countenance. There is one in the middle whose glassy eye goes through me. He seems to say: 'Now, pay up, Nat, or into court you go.' I can't stand it. I must quit the scene. Come!"

"Stop a moment," cried Gustavus, detaining him. "Have you ever noticed, Nat, what a resemblance even a living man bears to a dummy when he is standing in a tailor's window? I would bet fifty dollars that I could stand there all day, and never be taken for anything but a dummy."

"It is possible," answered Mr. Blossom dryly; "but for all that, I'll take you. Fifty or a hundred?"

"By Jove," exclaimed Gustavus, "you didn't think I meant it as a bet, Nat?"

"I certainly did, dear boy; but of course if you say you didn't, why——"

Mr. Blossom made a movement with his hand, and blew in the air, as if he wafted Mr. Chuler's rashness to the clouds.

"No," replied Gustavus firmly; "I am not going to slip out of it that way. Having made the bet, I stand by it, and, win or lose, I'm your man. Let it be fifty."

"Done!" cried Mr. Blossom joyously. "And now, friend of my soul, the goblet sip; let us seal the compact in the flowing bowl. Let an agile hansom convey us swiftly through the madding crowd to Italie's son, the dark-browed Tavallo, who is compelled by circumstances over which he has no control to conduct a restaurant in the Strand. There we will carouse."

That night, due to the receipt of mysterious messages, the friends of both Mr. Chuler and Nathaniel Blossom assembled in unwonted numbers at the house of entertainment presided over by the dark-browed Tavallo.

Amidst the greatest excitement, Mr. Blossom set forth the subject of the bet, and placed Gustavus in the position of a man of mark.

A committee was hastily formed to promote the undertaking; and it was resolved that the time allowed for Mr. Chuler to carry out his impersonation of the Living Dummy be one hour, and the place, the window of the suffering Tompkins, who, under threat of the loss of the whole custom of the gathering, was to give his consent.

Then the party grew exceedingly merry, and the bosom's lord of Mr. Chuler sat so lightly on its throne that he insisted upon standing champagne all round.

During the early part of the next day, Nathaniel Blossom received private information that his friend, Mr. Gustavus Chuler, had, after much labor, won over the tailor to his cause, and that at three o'clock the same afternoon, the sartorial Tussaud's in Tompkins' would be augmented by his living presence.

A postscript further informed Mr. Blossom that the bet would be declared "off" if there were any grimacing through the window.

A little after three o'clock that afternoon, a curious proceeding might have been witnessed in Bond Street.

Never before had so many fashionably dressed young men been known to take such an absorbing interest in the various samples of "checks" and "diagonals" in Tompkins' window; and never, in the memory of the oldest assistant, had there been such a review of impenitent debtors past the open door.

The attitude of Mr. Chuler was decidedly striking. Placed in the very midst of the tailor's dummies, and displaying to the utmost advantage the artistic cut of a suit of tweed "Cheap at $20," his limbs had adopted a painful rigidness, and his countenance a fearful vacancy.

Amongst those acquainted with the subject of the bet, the impression prevailed that it was a marvelous resemblance, and that Gustavus would win in a canter.

One of the most assiduous of the window-gazers, was, as might be expected, Mr. Nathaniel Blossom; and a quarter of an hour short of the time of winning the wager, this gifted gentleman was admiringly eyeing the motionless form of his accomplished friend.

"It's nearly over," he said below his breath. "He'll do it now, sure enough. He has acted a dummy to the life. Why, what the dickens is the matter with him?"

The last ejaculation of the astonished Nathaniel was called forth by an extraordinary transformation which suddenly came over the countenance of Gustavus.

The face of the Living Dummy grew ghastly pale, and his eyes became set in wild and terror-stricken frenzy, while his limbs visibly trembled beneath him.

"He is going to have a fit," thought Mr. Blossom. "It has been too much for him. I had better go in at once and alarm Tompkins before he falls through the glass."

Turning round with this benevolent intention, Mr. Blossom immediately became aware of a presence which caused him to become almost as violently agitated as his unfortunate friend; for, gazing directly over his shoulder, with every feature denoting amazement and fury, stood the portly form of Chuler senior.

What the general public had failed to discover, had been quickly detected by the paternal eye.

For a second or two Chuler senior stood as if petrified, as if discrediting the evidence of his senses; then, casting a lowering and awful look upon his unhappy offspring, he bounded into the shop. Hardly knowing what he was about, Nathaniel followed.

Tompkins was standing in the middle of the shop rubbing his hands. With a wrathful brow, the scandalized candidate for first-citizenship strode up to him.

"Are you the proprietor of that peepshow in the window?" he asked in a choking voice.

The tailor, with a bewildered look, bowed obsequiously; he seemed in doubt as to whether the title of showman was meant as an honor or otherwise.

"Then," thundered Chuler senior, turning an apoplectic tint, "what inducements have you held out to my son to make an ass of himself amongst your wax monstrosities? What is the meaning of his ridiculous position, sir? Have you no better advertisement of your miserable tweeds and checks? Or is this a deliberate insult to me—to me—sir—an Alderman of this city? —Speak! or I'll do you a mischief on your own premises!"

Tompkins drew back and turned as pale as a sheet.

"It's only a little bit of a lark, sir," he said soothingly. "Some young gent's bet. Mr. Gustavus is impersonating the Living Dummy."

"The Living Dummy!" cried Mr. Chuler, stupefied. "A son of Mine—the Living Dummy!"

He glared at Tompkins as if the tailor had answered him with a parable.

Further explanation, however, was unneeded, for at this moment the glass door which divided the shop from the window slowly opened, and the living Dummy himself, looking very dazed and forlorn, stepped into view.

The spectacle was too much for the author of his being, and the Alderman sank upon a chair.

Gustavus followed his example, and, without a word, they sat and gazed at each other. For a while Chuler senior seemed in danger of suffocation; but at last he found his speech.

"Send for a cab!" he gasped faintly.

Gustavus threw an imploring glance in the direction of the sneaking figure of Mr. Blossom, and that friend of his soul instantly responded to it by going outside and hailing the vehicle required.

Meanwhile, the news had got abroad that a member of the swell-mob had been taken in the act of impersonating one of the tailor's dummies with the object of a night-attack.

As the alderman was the first to come out, he was identified with the culprit, and the remarks that were made upon him drove him nearly frantic.

It was only when the abashed form of Gustavus crept into the cab, still unconsciously wearing that condemnatory card of "Cheap at $20," that this illusion was dispelled.

By the next day's post Mr. Nathaniel Blossom received from his friend Gustavus Chuler a lugubrious epistle, which set forth that the writer's state of health necessitated an immediate trip to the Highlands of Scotland.

The envelope contained, in addition to this afflicting information, a check for fifty dollars, forfeit to Mr. Blossom for a lost wager.

On the Adriatic.

BY T. CASSELL.

AN autumn or two ago, I found myself for the first time a sojourner in "beautiful Venice, city of sunshine," and discovered that she was not all that my fancy—or other people's fancy—had painted her.

Yes, I had certainly expected the water to be blue, but it wasn't; and I had expected to see the palaces set in a sort of purple haze, to see gondolas with pea-green hulls, felucces with crimson velvet sails, Venetian maidens with flashing orbs and picturesque costumes, Venetian gallants with gorgeous cloaks and brigand hats, and a thousand other objects to which distance and the spell of poetic description had "lent enchantment;" but—alas, for the poetry of it!—which I looked for in vain.

It was a fifteenth-century landscape peopled by a nineteenth-century, sleeved-bet-wearing, Paris-bonnet-wearing crowd; and in my heart I resented the incongruity, if my reason did not altogether second the resentment.

In this frame of mind I was inclined to see Venice only with the eye of prose, and did not realize that the too realistic picture would, before it finally passed from my view, assume any more attractive aspect.

As luck would have it, however, my curiosity became strangely excited on the third day of my stay, in consequence of a little conversation I overheard at the dinner table at my hotel.

The speakers were of American nationality.

"Did you see the lady gondolier last night?" asked one.

"No; was she out again?" said the other.

"Yes; I saw her myself, and, better still, I heard her. Such a voice! Such a melancholy sweetness! She rowed herself out into the open, and then rested her gondola and sang divinely, while a score of other gondolas remained at a respectful distance to allow their passengers to hear her sing."

"Who is she?"

"That is the mystery. No one sees her embark, although all are watching for her; and no one sees her come in, for she seems to glide out into the Adriatic when she has done her singing, and disappears suddenly into the darkness, and is neither heard or seen again until the next night."

"Only a woman's whim."

"There is something more than whim in the voice of that singer; it is the voice of tragedy."

So, after all, there was a touch of romance left in the City of the Doges, and I resolved to go in quest of it.

When twilight fell upon the waters, and a thousand lights stood out upon the robe of night, when the sound of joyous music rose upon the air from the pleasure gardens near the quay, mingling with but not drowning the chirp of myriads of crickets, then I took myself to the water-way, called a plying gondola, and was soon out upon the Grand Canal.

A little sentiment had by this time been infused into my heart, and the anticipation of the mysterious appearance of the lady gondolier seemed to add a tinge of romance to the scene that it had not previously possessed for me.

The curtain of night had hidden away all that was objectionable or unattractive, and spread a sort of glamor over the city.

Everything stood out in dark outline beneath a vault of spotless blue, and as my gondolier, with lithe, erect figure, propelled me along towards the Bridge of the Rialto, and I could hear the plash of oars and the music of many voices all around me, the spell that had entranced thousands of travelers who had preceded me gradually drew me within its thraldom.

"Is the lady gondolier expected to be visible to-night?" I asked of the boatman in the best Italian I could muster.

"None knows," he replied, with a touch of awe in his voice; "she is a spirit, and only the saints in heaven know of her coming and going."

"But surely you have some idea who and what she is?"

"Yes, signor."

This with a sigh and a furtive glance behind.

"Well?"

"I must not say, signor."

"Why?"

"Because I only think what I think."

"Are you man enough to follow her with me and find out for certain?"

"It would be useless."

"Will you try?"

He did not answer.

"I will pay you as you were never paid before if we succeed," I urged.

Still he hesitated.

Just then there was a strange murmuring sound to be heard, and the gondolas around us seemed suddenly to draw to the sides of the canal, as if to make room for some approaching object.

My gondolier ceased his strokes and stood like one appalled.

"The lady gondolier!" he gasped.

"Follow for your life!" he said.

"I dare not; it is the evil spirit!" he whispered.

As he spoke I was surprised by the nearing of another gondola propelled by a couple of boatmen, one fore and one aft; a glance showed me that it contained the two Americans whose conversation I had overheard at the hotel. I could see that they were bent upon the very quest that I had been vainly urging my boatman to pursue.

Quick as thought I hailed them, and implored them to take me with them, and, as luck would have it, they recognized me and waited to take me on board. I threw my gondolier a coin, and saw him no more.

"Shoot ahead, my men," said one of the Americans; then, turning to me, he "guessed" he was main glad to have my company, and would bet his bottom dollar that they'd run the article down.

I could now see a dark gondola some fifty yards in front of us, speeding away to the open Adriatic, a female figure, with floating hair and flowing skirts, working the oar in the manner peculiar to the native boatmen.

This, then, was the lady gondolier.

We slowly gained upon her, and could soon have overtaken her had we wished to do so at that early stage. It was her custom to sing, however, when out on these expeditions, and we resolved to await the execution of that part of her programme before carrying our plans out to the last detail.

A score of gondolas, like a funeral fleet, followed not far behind. It was as if some new Venus had arisen to lure men to her lair.

Presently the lady gondolier stopped her boat, and every other boat did the same, leaving her a good distance apart from us.

Every oar was stilled, and every voice. Silence dwelt for a moment over the Venetian waters; the only thing of movement seemed to be the dark reflection of our boats trembling amidst the noiseless ripples.

The silence was broken by a rich, cultivated voice, that sang out, with thrilling clearness, the beautiful melody of "Santa Lucia." Nothing could have been more grateful to Venetian ears, and nothing more captivating to me.

When she reached the close of the first verse, every Venetian within earshot seemed to take up the chorus, which was chanted with all the harmonies, and swept across the waters with swelling volume, and then as gradually died away.

A second and a third verse were gone through with the same striking effect; and then, while every one was in a manner spellbound, the lady gondolier darted rapidly ahead, and before we could recover ourselves sufficiently to take up the pursuit, she had increased the distance between us very considerably.

"Now then, you rascals, ply your oars," cried one of the Americans.

"Nothing capture, nothing have," said the other.

"Permit us to return, signors," implored the boatmen.

"I'll pitch you overboard for a couple of cowards if you don't go on," said the

American who had first given them the word of command.

With this the two gondoliers applied themselves to their oars, and did really seem to exert their whole strength. No one else was following but ourselves, which made it all the better.

On we went, and on went she, further and further away from Venice, as if she intended going straight across the sea. We soon began to gain upon her now, however, for although, we carried the greater weight, we had double her strength of oar, which was bound to tell in time.

We appeared to have gone about a mile, when we were near enough to her gondola to make her hear us.

"Stay, madam, we would speak with you" called one.

"We wish to pay you our compliments," cried the other.

"We are English travelers," I shouted as loud as I could.

"No, no, no—Americans!" cried my companions.

There was no reply, and no appearance of "reining in."

The moon now sailed up out of the horizon, and by its mellow light we could discern something of her features. She appeared to be a woman of rather masculine build, with a face of regular and attractive outline, but the swaying to and fro of her body, and the fluttering of her hair in the wind, gave her a certain wildness of aspect which almost made us afraid to look upon her.

As for our boatmen, they were appalled by the sight of her, and began to relax their efforts.

"See, signors, the Isola Bella!" cried one of the men.

I was just about to inquire their meaning, when I suddenly saw for myself what they were directing our attention to.

The island they alluded to—the Isola Bella—was just in front of us, its massive convent buildings standing out in bold relief against the sky.

We had to slacken our speed, and while we were regulating our speed so as to avoid a collision with the gondola containing the marvelous contatrice of the night, she had jumped ashore and disappeared beneath an archway whose portals were firmly and instantly closed against us.

We effected a landing, but might as well have asked the sea to yield up to us its buried treasures as to ask for the convent doors to be opened to us.

Indeed, the boatmen were in such dismay at our making the attempt to gain admission that they fell upon their knees in the gondola and either poured curses or blessings upon us; it was hard to tell which.

We returned to Venice sadder and not wiser men.

The next day we told our trouble to the manager of our hotel, and when we mentioned the fact that we had tracked the lady gondolier to the Isola Bella, a light seemed to dawn upon him.

"I think I have a clue to this mystery," he said, with a very owlish look. "Five years ago the celebrated prima donna, Signorina ——, went out of her mind through the cruel treatment of her husband, the famous tenor, Signor ——, and her friends procured her admission to the Isola Bella Convent. This must be the lady gondolier. She has long been permitted the run of the convent gondola, I know, and, in the hope that she might eventually be restored to mental strength, she has been allowed a great degree of liberty."

Further inquiries confirmed this explanation.

The lady gondolier was never seen again. She shortly afterwards died, and it is amongst the saddest of my recollections that I was one of the privileged few who heard the last song of this one-time queen of opera, whose voice had thrilled listening thousands in all the capitals of Europe.

A FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

Rattlesnakes are not often attacked by birds, but the writer of the following vouches for the truth of it.

On a [illegible] September morning I was cantering along on my pony, crossing a mountain divide, drinking in the fresh air, admiring the snow-capped mountains, the lofty pines, the waters of the creek alive with trout, and far in the distance, the head waters of the Missouri winding their serpentine way through the valleys.

On every side the beauty of the scene was augmented by herds of deer and antelope, which dotted the land in the distance, but the stillness was suddenly broken by the shrill scream of an eagle. High up I saw him preparing to descend, and down, down he came, with the swiftness of a shooting star, until he had nearly reached the earth, when he spread his powerful pinions and eased himself down until he had nearly reached the earth, when, with a sudden swoop, he lighted upon a great prairie rattler, about five feet long, and a battle commenced such as I have never before witnessed.

I rode slowly up to the combatants, as near as I could without disturbing them, and eagerly watched the progress of the fight.

The bird was one of the largest bald eagles, and the snake was a monster of its kind, being three inches in diameter. The eagle, with its crests thrown back, ran up to the snake and gave it a blow over the head with his wings that completely stunned it just as it was in the act of striking at him with all its force.

Quick as thought the eagle then caught it in its talons, soared about ten feet in the air, gave it a furious shaking, and let it fall to the earth, where it lay coiled in a warlike attitude, rattling and hissing in great wrath.

The eagle made a second attack in the same manner as before, but the snake watched its chance this time, and when the eagle was close enough thrust its head between his head and wing, and, with a desperate effort, wound itself around the eagle's body, and it looked for a moment as though the powerful bird must die.

But, with a violent flap of his wings, he broke the deadly embrace, caught the snake, gave it a number of jerks, and threw it down again. The blood was oozing from several places in the rattler's body, which seemed to make the eagle more excited than ever.

The antagonists now remained some feet apart, and seemed to be resting, while the rattler kept up a deep buzzing, perhaps to intimidate the bird.

The eagle next tried another plan, wheeling round his enemy in a circle; but the serpent was acquainted with this dodge, and kept full in his face. Thus foiled, the eagle began to whip the rattler with the tips of his wings, his head thrown back, but the snake dodged the blows.

The eagle then made a feint, jumped to one side and struck it a fearful blow, caught it by the middle and shook it until the snake was about to twine itself around his body, when he again threw it to the ground. Both showed signs of great fatigue, but neither seemed inclined to give way.

The eagle ran around and around its victim, in every conceivable way, but, so far, the snake managed to hold him off, until he threw back his head and made a desperate drive.

The snake struck with all its force as the eagle came in contact with its head, and, while trying to coil around his body, was caught and carried up into the air, where it was almost jerked in twain, and when it reached the ground it writhed and twisted in great pain. The proud bird stood looking on with the victorious air of a pugilist who has won a world renowned battle, his head erect and his wings resting on the ground.

For the first time he now cast his large eyes upon me, showing neither surprise nor anger at my presence; he seemed to understand that I should not molest him, for he turned to the snake and gave it another good shaking to make sure of its death.

I was tempted to take him home as a trophy of the battle, but his unshaken confidence in me unnerved my arm. Soon the agonies of death were over and his enemy had ceased writhing he stretched his wings, seized his prey where the skin was not broken, and with a steady flight bore it to a mountain crag, the highest one in the neighboring mountain.

As he slowly winged his way the huge serpent could be seen hanging from his powerful claws. The fight lasted three-quarters of an hour, and had the eagle been less careful of his eyes and head he could have torn the snake to atoms in a moment; but he seemed to realise the danger of the poisonous nature of the snake, and gained his victory by the exercise of his strategic instinct.

A KNOT THRICE TIED:—A Boston paper learns of a couple who went through the marriage ceremony three times before they were legally man and wife.

Here's how it occurred: They had an imposing church wedding. A week later an intimate friend of the bridegroom sought him out, and broke the news to him that he was not yet a married man. The officiating clergyman belonged to another State, and was not legally authorized to perform the marriage ceremony.

The friend, however, was equal to the occasion. He assured the dismayed groom that he could set matters all right, being himself a Justice of the Peace. "Come to me," he said, "and I will perform the ceremony in the simplest possible manner, and nobody ever need know of the unfortunate *contretemps*."

This advice commended itself to their discretion, and again the bride and groom presented themselves at the altar, so to say, and took the coveted vows of constancy till death did them part, and went their way. A communication soon resulted them from the Justice of the Peace. Alas! he had bethought himself that on the occasion of the second marriage he was outside the county wherein alone his jurisdiction held, and he was distressed to be obliged to inform the loving tourists that they were no more married than before. In desperation they struck a bee-line for parts remote, sought the highest ecclesiastic potentate available, and again took the familiar vows.

FROZEN MILK:—A new industry is foreshadowed in a paper recently read before the French Agricultural Society. This gentleman has been carrying out a number of experiments, the results from which tend to show that milk in a frozen state will preserve all its characteristics, and will be in every way as good as fresh milk when, after some days, or even weeks, it is thawed for use. In the frozen state it can, moreover, be transported from place to place with the greatest ease. The freezing process can be accomplished with ordinary ice-machines. Both cheese and butter made from frozen cream are said in no way to differ from that made in the usual manner.

NO MAN knows what a bad man he is until he has had a woman get angry with him, and call him names.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Empress and members of the aristocracy of Japan have given up the idea of adopting the Western styles of dress for the women. The Parisian models did not please the people in general, and the historic costumes will again be worn exclusively. The great "Lady Tailoring Establishment" in Tokio, which has been under the charge of a Parisian, has closed its doors for lack of work to do.

Everybody knows that a trousseau is a serious matter for somebody. To obviate this expense a native enterprise has invented a new system. An establishment is now prepared to let out on hire the linen necessary for a bridal outfit. The price is low From two to ten dollars a month will cover all that is necessary for a bridal tour. There would, of course, be reason to suspect the genuineness of this announcement did it not come from an authoritative source.

A Normal and Industrial School has been established at Gainsville, La., for the education of colored youth. Scientific truck farming, orange culture, carpentry, blacksmithing, shoemaking, printing sewing, cooking and housekeeping are among the occupations in which the students will have thorough instruction. Such an enterprise cannot fail to be of valuable aid in bettering the condition of colored people and in fitting them more thoroughly for the duties of citizenship.

The latest Iconoclast is a "lady physician of extensive practice" who declares that spanking must be given up on account of its harmful effect on children's spines. Thus, one by one, traditions of household management are swept away. One must not cuff a naughty boy's ears for fear of breaking his drum, or lock him in a dark closet because of the injurious influence of twice-breathed air, or stand him with his face in a corner, lest it should hurt his vision, or send him supperless to bed out of regard for his digestion. The medical press is evidently subsidized in the interest of the small boy. It is time for parents to combine in defense of their inalienable rights.

The Heathen Chinee has not been maligned. Not many weeks ago a policeman at Singapore noticed in the street a Chinaman scratching his face with his fingers till the blood flowed, and then tearing his garments. Supposing that the fellow was mad, the policeman followed him, and found that he went to the nearest police station, where he lodged against one of his personal enemies the charge of having assaulted him, exhibiting, by way of proof, his bleeding face and his ragged clothes. The result to the Chinaman was a fine of ten dollars, with the alternative of three weeks in prison. But for the chance which enabled the policeman to see the man's proceedings, it is more than probable that some innocent person would have received a still severer punishment.

An ingenious Frenchman proposes an addition to Edison's phonograph which shall reproduce not only the words of the person speaking into the machine, but his very face and gestures. This can be done, so the Frenchman claims, by having instantaneous photographs taken, at equal intervals of a tenth of a second, while the cylinder which registers the speech is being turned. Supposing, then, that a single revolution of the cylinder lasts thirty seconds, three hundred photographs could be obtained. These could be so arranged as to pass before the eyes of the spectator simultaneously with the spoken words, and thus make an impression upon both eye and ear which would be almost equal to actually seeing and hearing the orator. There is every reason to suppose that the wonders of the phonograph have only just begun to be realised, although this precise result may never be reached.

M. Nantet, the Belgian author, has just made the trip from Brussels to Paris in a phaeton drawn by two dogs. He was seven days on the road, but he thinks his dogs could easily make the journey in much less time. He drove all the way, unless when there was a steep hill to climb. At a place called Louvroil the Mayor heard he had come into the town, and informed him that his equipage came within the reach of the Grammont Law for the Protection of Animals. "Very well," answered the Belgian, who was preparing to start, and he ordered the dogs to get into the phaeton and sit on the seat, while he drew them. They obeyed and stayed there until they were beyond the bounds of the commune, when they descended to be harnessed. These industrious animals are of average size and strength. When at an inn their master used to unharness them and take them with him into the coffee room, where they rested at his feet.

ASHES:—Ashes can be put to several uses. They form the groundwork of the best kind of nest for a sitting hen, and are of great service as a dust bath for poultry. When mixed with coal dust and a little water, they will, if left undisturbed, keep a fire alight for a long time. Carefully sifted, they are of great use to the gardener for scattering over young peas and other vegetables, and keeping off the slugs.

R. R. R.

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In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Influenza, Difficult Breathing

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Jan 14, '88 AUGUSTA, GA.

DR RADWAY, I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R R R for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

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THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ALL ITS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE,

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Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it in chill and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food it eats contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

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Dear Sir—I would not be without your Pills and Ready Relief. They save me many a doctor's bill. MRS. M. GIFFORD.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and look for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

TRICKING THE MONKEYS.

BY E. S. CUTHELL.

THERE was a great deal going on one day in a certain house in a certain town at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains.

There were solemn processions by daylight and by torchlight of chanting crowds, following a little boy mounted on a pony with tail dyed red.

There was an endless beating of drums called "tom toms," and feasting every evening by the light of the torches in the courtyard of the house. There were performances of dancing girls, dancing slow swaying dances, very unlike our quick romping polkas.

And the hero, the object of all this fuss, was the little boy Krishen Das, who was about twelve years old.

Now very few American children who read this would guess what was going to happen to him.

It was not his birthday, and if it were, the Hindoos do not keep birthdays with parties, as we do. It was not that he had come into his property.

No; his father was yet alive, and Krishen Das was still treated like a little boy, and went to school with the other boys of the town under the peepul tree, where they all learnt to read together in a sing-song tone of voice, swaying their bodies to and fro in unison.

No; something was being done to Krishen Das which is never done to other boys of twelve years old.

He was being married.

And who was the bride?

That was more than Krishen Das himself could say, for he even had never seen her.

The village match-maker and the children's parents had arranged the marriage, and little Nashiban was still hidden away in the women's apartments of her father's house, where her whole life of eight years had been spent.

It was not till the last two or three days of the wedding festivities that she would be brought out and shown to her future husband.

Krishen Das's father was a well-to-do man, and anxious to have a grand marriage entertainment for his son, and to outvie his neighbors.

In America it is chiefly the bride's fine new clothes that we think of at a wedding. No one troubles their head as to the bridegroom's dress. But in India it is different. The little bridegroom plays quite as important a part in the whole affair as the bride. His clothes were a matter of much consideration.

For some days Hindoo tailors sat cross-legged at work in the verandah, holding gay-colored stuffs with their left toes, while they embroidered them with their hands; and poor little Krishen Das was dressed and undressed, fitted and refitted, so often, that he was heartily tired of the whole business, and wished most sincerely he could be free to go and play in the dust outside the town with his schoolfellows, clad only in the twist of dirty linen which formed his habitual attire.

In an Indian town in the street of shops called the bazaar, most of the vendors sell only one thing. There is a row of sweetmeat sellers, of corn-dealers, of cloth merchants, of shoe-sellers, of pipe makers.

So, when the wedding was being prepared for, the courtyard of Krishen Das's house was besieged every day with vendors and pedlars of every kind; shoemakers with boxes full of queer, pointed, embroidered shoes, with the toes curled backwards; and cloth merchants exhibiting yards of gay-colored materials.

Now Nubbi Bux was a coolie—none too wise or too clever.

His master, a dealer in the little gay caps the Hindoos wear almost as much as turbans, hearing of Krishen Das's marriage preparations, ordered Nubbi Bux to carry two boxes of caps up to the house for the bridegroom's inspection.

Nubbi Bux, who never cared much about fatiguing himself, shouldered his load somewhat unwillingly. His master gave him a kick and drove him off on his way.

He was afraid that other cap-dealers would be beforehand with him and that Krishen Das would be provided with caps ere Nubbi Bux arrived.

It was very hot, and it was the middle of the day. Though clad only in one cotton garment, and with no socks on his bare brown legs, our friend felt the heat very much indeed.

When he had reached a group of peepul trees which were just outside the bazaar, and made sure that his master was not watching him, he decided within himself that it was much too hot to go to the other end of the town, toiling under this heavy load, but that a nap would be more to the purpose.

So he removed his heavy turban, and wiped his brow. Then, to avoid the sun striking down upon his head, he thought there would be no harm in borrowing for the time one of the articles of head-gear out of the box.

He tried on several. Some were too large, some too small. At last he found one to suit him, and making himself comfortable in the dust, and sheltered by the broad branches, Nubbi Bux was soon in the land of Nod.

"No use to hurry up to Krishen Das's house this time of day," he muttered to himself; "for everyone would be enjoying their noontide nap."

But Nubbi Bux, unknown to himself, was being watched in his proceedings by many pairs of bright eyes, very much awake.

They were peering down upon him from the branches of the old peepul tree which was their headquarters. There was a waving of dozens of tails, a cocking of dozens of heads, but not a sound was to be heard.

No sooner, however, did the inhabitants of the peepul tree perceive that the dustman had indeed come to the sleeper in the dust below, than there suddenly began a screetching, a chattering, a bounding, a scampering, which would have assuredly awakened Nubbi Bux had he not effectually deafened himself by drawing his borrowed cap well over his ears.

Everyone knows how inquisitive monkeys are, and every single one of them was dying to know what was in Nubbi Bux's box.

Quick as lightning three of them tore the lid open, and burying their heads and fore paws in the recesses of the parcel, pounced on its contents, and flung them right and left.

Sleeky, a pretty lady monkey, who was rather vain, promptly tried on a cap to see how it became her, and her example was instantly followed by the whole crowd.

There was a fighting, a quarreling, a scratching, and a screeching that would have made you deaf.

The little baby monkeys, too small to jump down from the branches, whined and cried because they had not got a cap. Their elders below wrangled and fought like beasts.

Snarly and Snappy, two of the biggest and fiercest monkeys in the grove, had a tremendous tussle for one beautiful red and green cap they both coveted.

Then Sneaky, who was a sly fellow, came up behind, and snapped it off Snappy's head, as he had got Snarly on the ground and was pummelling him.

Sleeky would put on a cap too small for her, and could not get it off her head.

Snorty, a greedy monkey, seized no fewer than three caps, and put them all on at once, to the disgust of Snarly, who told him so in angry notes.

Snappy went after Sneaky, who had torn off with his cap. He came up with him just at the trunk of the tree, close to the spot which Nubbi Bux had chosen for his couch.

Nubbi Bux was awakened by a screech from Sneaky, like a railway whistle, close to his ear. He started up, and imagine his horror at the sight he beheld.

From every branch above him grinned a monkey, and on nearly every monkey's head was stuck a beautiful new cap—green, scarlet, pale blue, trimmed with gold and with silver, making brown spots of color among the green leaves and the brown fur coats. On the ground below lay the empty box.

Poor Nubbi Bux tore his beard in despair. He scolded himself for having gone to sleep; he scolded the monkeys for their theft. He pictured to himself his master's anger.

He was still suffering from that parting kick, and he knew he would be suffering still more by evening from the good thrashing he would inevitably receive.

He pictured to himself Krishen Das waiting for his supply of fine wedding caps, the best the town could produce, and waiting in vain, for they adorned the heads of these wicked, jabbering, grinning monkeys.

Nubbi Bux was at his wits' end what to do. He stood up vacantly, and scratched his head in bewilderment.

Snappy and Snarly, looking at him from above, followed his example—monkeys are great mimics—and did the same.

Nubbi Bux scratched his black head once more, as if to get some fresh idea. Up above, he was amused to see the monkeys imitate him again, nearly all of them this time.

Then a sudden inspiration seized Nubbi. Standing a little way off the tree, in full view of the whole pack of thieves, he took his own cap from his head, and dashed it to the ground.

In an instant, in less time than it takes to tell, all the monkeys did the same. Down came all the caps—green, scarlet, pale blue, embroidered in gold and silver.

It was a race among the little creatures which one should throw theirs down the lowest.

Sleeky stuck to hers the last of all. It was her own fault for being so vain as to want to wear one too small for her. Snorty had to help her get it off, and nearly pulled her head off with it.

You may imagine that Nubbi Bux, delighted with the success of his little trick, lost not an instant in packing his recovered wares up safely, and hurrying on with them to his destination, vowing to himself, after this narrow escape, never to go to sleep again when sent on an errand.

A few days after, in the cool of the evening, Krishen Das started in a procession along the narrow streets, accompanied by his father and Nashiban's father, to bring home his little bride. He rode on his gaily caparisoned pony, followed by a shouting crowd and the beating drums. Nashiban was brought out of her father's house, carried in a chair covered round with curtains, and with a veil thrown over her.

Thus they went to the idol temple, where the priest would preach them a sermon, and tie their hands together with flowers, while Krishen Das, instead of giving his bride a ring, would tie a gold brooch round her neck.

And from the flat roofs of the houses, as the procession wended its way through the town, uninvited wedding guests looked down upon it.

These were no other than the monkeys of the peepul tree, on their evening prowl for food among the houses.

I wonder whether they recognized in the caps which the bridegroom and his father wore, some of the gay head-gear which they had tried on themselves!

LITTLE WEEDS.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

I LOOK for flowers, and lo! weeds only. The seeds of weeds are blown hither and thither by the winds, and grow where they fall.

They will, though uncovered and uncared for, be sure to take root, if you are not incessantly on the watch to prevent [illegible].

The quick growth of weeds is one of the saddest mysteries there is, but it is a fact we have to accept, and do our utmost to conquer.

I heard a story of a garden once, which I should like to tell you here.

It was a lovely garden, lovely as a dream, filled with all things fair and sweet. Snowdrops and violets grew side by side, and the starry primrose, delicate wind-flowers, and tall tulips, pale narcissi, with lily-bells and hyacinths, purple, and white, and blue; roses, too, were there in abundance, creamy white, crimson, and gold.

The sweet spring came, and awakened one after another all these lovely blossoms to make a light and a glory under the sheltering trees.

A stream rippled under the shadows, and on its surface, which was dappled with golden and green lights, yellow and white water-lilies lay, with many starry river-buds beside them.

There were paths winding here and there through the garden, in and out, by mossy lawns all paved with daisies and asphodels.

You cannot imagine a fairer place than the garden was when the sun darted his radiant beams down through the taller trees.

The flowers glowed beneath his ardent kisses, and the soft winds made music amongst the thousands of tremulous leaves; the plumed insects glided by with melodious hum, and the air was sweet with the mingled odor of blossoms.

It was pleasant at eventide, also, when all the fairy bells drooped low over the shining glow-worm, and the silver dews wandered in the green shades and the nightingale sang dreamily.

A lady, beautiful and good, made this garden her own especial care; her presence was always there, for she was the guardian spirit of the flowers.

From morning till evening she worked among them, tending and caring for them. The touch of her fingers was so gentle that the flowers rejoiced whenever she came near them, for they could feel the love that flowed to her finger-tips as they rested on their petals.

She was fair and white as the tall lilies themselves, and her golden hair fell to her feet as she walked over the dewy grass. She fetched water from the stream and sprinkled it upon the flowers that were drooping from the sun's heat; and she emptied the cups of those flowers that were borne down with the weight of drops caught from a thunder-shower; others she propped up with bands of osiers; indeed, whatever the need of the flowers was, she endeavored to fulfil it.

If they had all been her own children she could not have been kinder to them, or more considerate. The flowers smiled upon her wherever she went amongst them, and repaid her labors by blooming luxuriantly.

She guarded them from the hurts of killing insects and gnawing worms, but she was not cruel even to these enemies of the flowers, for she laid them on a bed of moss in a basket woven of grasses, and carried them out of the garden into the woods, and there left them. She banished, but she would not kill them.

The chrysalises, out of which the gay-winged butterflies would creep by-and-by, she left hanging by their silken threads; and the bees and the flies she allowed to sip honey, and rove amongst the flowers at their own sweet will.

All through the spring and summer the garden rejoiced in her sweet presence. Then with the fierce blasts of autumn such a sad thing happened—this lovely lady died.

The garden missed her, oh, how sorely! The flowers all bent their heads, and tears in great beads fell on the grass. The trees shed their leaves, which were whirled by rude gusts of wind hither and thither.

As the autumn advanced, slowly but surely, all the fair things her love had cherished drooped and withered away. Then the boisterous winds awakened the winged seeds and blew them here, there, and everywhere; and wherever they rested, there they grew.

But they were seeds of weeds, not flowers; ugly docks, and darnels, and thistles, and nettles, and hemlock, and henbane, poisonous and evil creatures; and they grew so fast that they choked the better plants.

The rain came down, and beat upon the delicate stalks of the withered flowers, so that they lay broken and tangled on the walks.

And then, into the mist, from the cold wet ground, sprang toadstools and fungi, pale and fleshy, livid and horrible. They grew and rotted, and others came.

And when the spring came back again, of all the lovely flowers the lady cherished not one was to be seen. But the mandrakes, and toad-stools, and docks, and darnels, all flourished and luxuriated.

Sincerely do I hope that nothing like this will ever be the state of any one of the little hearts which I hope may be always sown with good seed.

The only way to keep weeds out of your hearts, is to fill them with good seed, and carefully tend it. They cannot remain empty and yet be kept clear of any weeds.

The very instant the good guardian of the lovely garden of which I have told you was taken away, the foul and horrible things began to grow; and they grew and grew until they killed all the beautiful ones.

A SARATOGA reporter espied a couple of young ladies and two men, one a policeman, searching with a lamp along a street there late the other evening. One of the ladies, with a trembling voice, stated that she had visited the Hathorn Spring during the evening and had lost a pair of diamond earrings, valued at $250, from a case which she held in her hand. She thought she had dropped them on the way. She straightened up from her stooping position while speaking, and was about to commence the search again. As she pushed back the hair above her ear, she gave a little cry of joy and exclaimed: "I've found them—in my ears! Really, I had forgotten that I had placed them there!"

THE noblest gift of God ever bestowed on man was the liberty to work out his own salvation.

ONLY FOR AWHILE.

BY EDWARD OKENFORD.

Dearie, draw your chair beside me,
For I love to have you near,
And I have some words to tell you,
That you soon or late must hear.

Dearie, we have one together
Liv'd, and been for fifty years;
Fac'd the world, and fought its battles,
Thro' its hopes and thro' its fears.

Now for one the fight is ending,
I am first ordain'd to fall,
Leaving you alone, my dearie,
You, who are my all in all!

Dearie, stay those tears, I pray you,
Hard it is stout heart to keep!
But to me 'tis, in this moment,
Harder still to see you weep!

We are only parting, dearie,
For awhile;—there take my hand!
Kiss me, for my soul is pluming
For the bright Eternal Land!

IRONICAL ITEMS.

A critic called irony the wit of a thinker, and humor the irony of a poet. He further likened irony to the sting of a thorn, and humor to the plaster which heals the wound.

Irony, like sarcasm and ridicule, is often more effective than argument; in description, it is sometimes very telling, and may convey suggestions and ideas in a terse and pithy manner, as one says: "You can't always judge by appearances: the man who wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy."

A witty Frenchman writes in a Paris newspaper that a French major is a man who has three decorations; the third was given him because he had two, the second because he had one, and the first because he had none.

A well-known cardinal says a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain. On which a wit remarks: "This is hard on the dentists."

Not a bad story is told of an aged clergyman who met one loudly declaiming against foreign missions. "Why," asked the objector, "doesn't the Church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

"What's going on inside?" inquired a gentleman of the ticket-seller at the entrance to a public hall.

"An amateur performance," replied the latter.

'The audience seem to be having a good time; I heard their shouts of laughter four blocks away. What's the play?"

"Hamlet," was the unexpected reply.

The slowness or unpunctuality of trains is a fertile topic for wits to exercise their powers thereon. A man was waiting once for the train at a roadside station where passengers at time have to test greatly their stock of patience. He saw a graveyard not far from the station very full of graves, and he inquired the reason. A bystander calmly informed him that it was used to bury passengers who died while waiting for the train.

Stations and trains bring to mind the style of sandwiches, which have roused the irony and sarcasm of so many travelers. It is has been stated that a ham sandwich has been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii in a perfect state of preservation. When tasted, it was pronounced to be very similar to those to be got at the railway refreshment rooms.

"That was a mysterious robbery the other day," said Smith to Jones.

"Why, I don't see what mystery there was about it," remarked Jones: "the detectives caught the thieves the same day."

"Yes," returned the speaker; "that's what I said."

"So far as you saw," said a counsel to a witness, "she was doing her ordinary household duty?"

"I should say so—she was talking," was the ironical reply.

A woman's weakness for talking, and her helplessness in the little matters of directing missiles and pointing lead pencils, form never-failing subjects of ridicule for the rougher sex.

"He never had but one genuine case in his life," said a lawyer of a rival, "and that was when he prosecuted his studies."

Some lawyers have had curious experiences of ironical wills. There is the not unfamiliar case of the French merchant who left a handsome legacy to a lady who had refused to marry him twenty years before, in gratitude for her kindness in not taking him at him at his word.

There is a good deal of pointed satire in such ironical facetiæ as the following. We are reminded that the mania for adulteration is so great, that you can't buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar.

A resident in a suburban villa was recently asked how his house had fared during a snowstorm. "Oh, badly," was the reply; "my cistern is the only dry place in it."

"Some good wholesome advice may thus be conveyed to careless householders. They will please note that the most effectual method of discovering a gas escape on their premises is to hunt for it by the light of a naked candle until they find it."

"What would civilization be without a pianof" asked a philosopher. "Among other things, it would be able to sleep at nights, besides being a thought less unhappy by day," replied a writer.

"Wot'll I do with this burglar alarm, Bill; take it along?" asks burglar number one. Second burglar: "Yes; slip it in the bag; we can get something for it."

"I have called on the recommendation of a friend," said a gentleman, "to have my portrait painted. But I should like to know if you can take me in my fur coat?" "Oh, certainly," replied the artist, "Fact is, you know, I am an animal painter."

Irony has a good share in women's spiteful little speeches about one another. These remarks were exchanged between friends.

"Do you know that little Mrs. B —— pretends to be a collector of antiquities? You don't believe she really has any do you?"

"Oh yes; her certificate of birth, to begin with," was the ironical remark.

Ungallant comments upon the fair sex furnish many ironical items. As the majority of humorous press writers are, as A. Ward would say, of the male persuasion, it gives them daily opportunities of making sly bits of this description without much chance of retaliation. A writer has noticed that nothing makes a woman laugh so much as a new set of teeth. Six women can talk all at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that. A woman can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a ball-player. Women's greatest glory is her hair, and she should be very economical of it, says a cynic, when she is cooking. But the women do not always come off second best. A lady stood hanging on the strap of a car, when a workman in the far corner arose and politely offered her his seat. "I thank you," she said in a very sweet tone; "but I dislike to deprive the only gentleman in the car of his seat."

"Joy never kills," remarked Dobbin's mother-in-law to him the other morning. "Possibly not," he replied quietly; "but please don't experiment on me by going elsewhere to live."

Grains of Gold.

A good word is as good as an ill one.

Content is the true philosophers' stone.

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

Ridicule dishonors more than dishonor itself.

Charity is a virtue of all times and all places.

Few people are so selfish as to keep their opinions to themselves.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produce amendment.

The way to avoid making heavy speeches is to weigh well before speaking.

There is but one university in life, and that is where the heart is educated.

Oftener ask than decide questions. This is the way to better your knowledge.

We must not waste life in devising means. It is better to plan less and do more.

Every duty brings on peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation.

A thousand parties of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action.

Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

The man who give the most good advice are usually those who have the most need for that which they give away.

Femininities.

It takes a genius to know how to live with a genius.

No girl likes to be seen carrying a corset box on the street.

An exquisite young lady blackens the soles of her shoes.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.

There are no greater prudes than women who have some secret to hide.

There will always be romance in the world as long as there are young hearts in it.

Queen Victoria's pet dog is a Yorkshire terrier that weighs two and three-quarter pounds, and cost $75.

When a girl falls in love she stops saying her prayers, but after she is married she begins them again.

Paris has supplied us with a bracelet composed of twelve jeweled miniatures strung on a chain of diamonds.

A hair pin top has been devised as a miniature mirror, formed of a circlet of crystal surrounded by diamonds.

A noted London surgeon thinks "Jack the Ripper" is really some big strong woman engaged at a slaughter-house.

The childish miss resents a kiss and runs the other way, but when at last some years have passed, it's different, they say.

Mrs. Waterman, a Providence, R. I., teacher, has been accused of brutally rattaning a pupil and walking on his prostrate form.

Don't wear high heels. Women who wear them publicly advertise the fact that they seek or wish to maintain serious internal troubles.

Mildewed linen may be restored by soaping the spots while wet, covering them with fine chalk scraped to powder, and rubbing it well in.

A tombstone in Monongalia county, W. V., bears this inscription: "Some have children and some have none, here lies the mother of thirty-one."

Miss Proctor, of Lima, O., has patented a process by which, it is claimed, 10,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas can be extracted from one barrel of Lima oil.

Don't seek relief for burns by the use of cold water: if nothing else is obtainable, use warm water; better still, keep the part wet with sweet or linseed oil.

Silk stockings the same color as the dress are announced as a novelty for the ensuing season; they should also have large sprigs of flowers a la Pompadour.

Mrs. Fangle, reading the paper: "Sarah Bernhardt says her household expenses at Paris average $500 a day." Mrs. Cumso: "She must keep three hired girls."

A spray of three rosebuds composed respectively of a pink, a black and a white pearl, with the stems and leaves of diamonds, is a very handsome corsage ornament.

First Boston girl: "Got any pickles in your pocket?" Second Boston Girl: "Yes, and some gum." "That's all right. I've got some cold beans and two slate pencils. Let's lunch."

Sailor suits remain the favorite costume for little boys: they are now much made with long trousers, wide at the bottom; the youthful wearers when thus clad look like droll little men.

A kitchen table with as many drawers beneath it as a writing desk, and having a high back like a sideboard, full of pigeon holes for kitchen utensils, is a recent addition to the hired girl's comfort.

Kind soul: "My husband is such a dear, sympathising creature! When I am chopping a pile of firewood out in the yard, he'll sit half a day before the fire and weep at my having to work so hard!"

Alice: "I've just been reading a newspaper discussion on 'When Women Should Marry.' Miss Elder. When do you think a girl should marry?" Miss Elder, emphatically: "Just as soon as she has a proposal!"

A breach of promise case, in which the plaintiff was a man, has been decided in his favor by a Sandhurst, Australia, jury. The fair defendant who had refused to marry the plaintiff was ordered to pay one shilling damages and costs.

"Any fried oysters?" he asked of the keeper of an eating stall in the market house. "Well, no, not exactly fried oysters," she answered. "What is it?" "Cold corned beef." "Oh, that's near enough; you may slice me off some."

Benevolent individual: "Yes, sir; I hold that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress." Stranger: "You are a social philosopher, I presume?" "No, sir; I am a dry goods merchant."

"It is very thoughtless in your father to intrude so abruptly, Clara." "He is not thoughtless at all, George. You see, my older sister lost her breach of promise suit by not having an eye-witness, and poor pa had to pay the costs and lawyer's fees himself."

Eugene N. Robinson, a rich mine owner of Nevada, bequeaths the sum of one cent to the woman whom he married and left immediately after the ceremony was performed. He does this, he says, as a token of his esteem for her, adding that the amount is greatly in excess of the consideration which she deserves. His second wife got several hundred thousand dollars.

A big difference. Mrs. Newhand: "What, twenty cents a pound for mackerel? Why, the man across the way only asks sixteen cents." Fisherman: "Very good, madame; but you must remember that my fish are all hand caught; those you see opposite are caught in nets. It makes a difference, you know." Mrs. Newhand: "Of course; how stupid of me. You may give me that large one there."

Masculinities.

Modesty and merit are a handsome couple.

Don't rub the eyes, except with your elbow.

The first wife is matrimony; the second company.

When a man sees a door marked "Private" he wants to open it.

At a funeral a gentleman should wear dark gloves and a dark tie.

You can't realize how few dollars there are in a $5 bill until you break it.

Hammered gold rings with a diamond or ruby are the latest style in men's finger rings.

An Eastern proverb says: "Patience comes from the Great Protector, but hurry is from hell."

Senator Sherman has adopted Mr. Gladstone's plan of not reading books until they are a year old.

We like a black eye and we like a blue one, but we have no use for one that is both black and blue.

It is not well to believe all you hear; but it is well to appear to believe it when your wife is doing the talking.

A very tempting morsel for smokers is an apple green leather cigar case, clasped by a ruby-eyed gold serpent.

Charles J Sarney, ex Minister of Justice, who fled from France and $8,000,000 of debt, died in poverty in Canada.

A non-sequitur Proud Mother: "Oh! John, the baby can walk." He can walk the floor with himself at night then."

Honor among thieves. Old lady: "Sir, you've stole my daughter's love." Unabashed culprit: "Well, didn't I return it?"

He: "What are you reading, dear?" His wife—"The latest society novel, I'm just glancing thro' to see if it is fit for you to read, dear!"

An obituary in a Georgia paper closes with this sentence: "Mr. F——, though dissipated, was an honest man and well thought of in the neighborhood."

Swinburne, the poet, never carries a stick or an umbrella when out walking; but he often fills his pockets with candy, and distributes it to the children he meets.

Kissable girl, suddenly: "Take care; some one will see you!" Good-looking, but bashful beau: "What am I doing?" Kissable girl (scornfully): "Nothing."

"Don't pour a mouthful of coffee into an empty stomach, even if you must tear a button from your coat and swallow it before," says an Arabic proverb. This applies to tea as well.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do; I've had proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

Mrs. Jones, severely: "John, there is a very strong odor about you." "Yes, my dear; I've been eating onions." "You may have the onion breath, John, but you certainly have not the onion walk."

Bridget: "Shall I l'ave the hall lamp burnin', mum?" Mistress—"No; I am pretty sure Mr. Jones won't be home till daylight. He kissed me three times before he left and gave me $20 for a Spring bonnet."

On the Eiffel Tower. Mother and the girls (ecstatically)—"My, isn't it high!" Popper (in a gloom that reaches to the base of the tower)—"Well, what of it? Have you seen anything in Paris this summer that wasn't high?"

A new spurt in the sale of tennis balls is attributed to the discovery that they avert nightmare. You tie a string to the ball, and the other end to your back; then if you roll over on your back while asleep the ball will probably awaken you.

Anxious mother: "That young man comes to see our daughter pretty regularly, but they don't seem to be engaged. Do you think he is in earnest?" Wise Father—"Oh, no doubt of it. All the presents he gives her are things that will keep."

A Maine dentist tells of a man who came into his office and insisted on having a sound tooth extracted—not because he had neuralgia in his face, but because a faith healer had told him that it would improve his general health to have a tooth pulled.

"Father," said Mr. Skinpalint's eldest son, with blood in his eye, "that horse of ours is a treacherous beast. He'll be the death of me some time, or I'll be the death of him." "Torn I'll sell him," replied Mr. Skinpalint, gloomily. "A funeral would cost me every cent the animal is worth."

Kind Lady—"Here is an old dress-coat of my husband's that you might wear." Tramp—"What, before sundown? No, madam; I appreciate the kindly motive which has prompted you to offer me this small token, but—a dress-coat before sundown! Has it indeed come to this?" and, gathering the remnants of a flannel shirt around him, he strode majestically away and was soon lost to view.

Ivory may be cleaned by scrubbing with a new soft tooth-brush, using soap and tepid water; then dry the ivory and brush well; dip the lather in alcohol and polish the ivory until it has regained its former splendour. If the water gives the ivory a yellowish tint dry the object in a heated place. If age has yellowed it, place the object under a bell-jar with a small vessel containing lime and muriatic acid, and set the whole in the sunshine.

Little Tommy passes for a very practical youth. The other day his Uncle John brought him, as a birthday present, a "word game," which Tommy had never played, and which did not seem to be particularly attractive to him. Nevertheless, Tommy thanked his uncle, and by and by, edging around his chair, he asked: "Say, uncle John." "Well?" "This game truly belongs to me now, don't it?" "Why, of course." "To do just what I want with it?" "Certainly." "Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sell it to you for 10 cents."

Recent Book Issues.

Mrs. O. Bertron has published a forcible "Review of Ingersoll's Attacks Upon Christianity." Published at 3929 Locust St., Phila.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The November number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* opens with the serial "Engaged to be Married." From romance we come at once to reality, in a paper on "Some Vegetable Cooking." The second chapter on "Our Friends the Horses" has some excellent advice as regards children's riding. An unsigned article describes "A Luxurious Snuggery," and then we come to the "Family Doctor." This amiable and wise individual discourses on "The Rest Cure" in this number. In a paper entitled "A Poet's Country," we are given a description with pen and pencil of Tennyson's corner of the Isle of Wight. "Look in Mine Eyes" is a poem by Frederic E. Weatherly. The fashion letters are full of valuable hints. Cassell & Co., New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for November is a photogravure reproduction in color of Solomon J. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love." The second paper on Millet opens the number, and is finely illustrated. Following this is the second paper on "A Stroll through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass." Then comes an accounting of Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Miranda," with a full-page engraving. The paper on "Current Art" is well illustrated. "Artistic Advertising" is the title of a lively tilt between W. P. Frith, R. A., and the editor of the *Magazine*. Specimen pages of the decorative work in the Gladstone commemorative album are given, and then follow copious notes gleaned with care and taste. Cassell & Co.

In the *Quiver* for November the first article is "A Little Corner of the Vineyard," in which a colporteur describes some of his experiences. "Dorothy's Vacation" is finished in this number, and so is "The Love Dream of Gatty Fenning" and "The Vanishing Opal." "St. Paul's Character and Mission" is dwelt upon by Rev. J. R. Macduff. The third of "A Mother's Confidences" is on "Despising the Children." "No Night There," is the subject of an essay by Rev. Wm. Burnet, and Felix Farry tells of "Winning Unawares," by which he means unexpected success. "The Story of Two Little Brothers," and "The Old Portrait" are entertaining short stories, while "The Man Sent Before" is a sermon for harvest, and "Out of My Study Window" is the text for some pretty pictures of trees and bird life. A full bundle of "Short Arrows" brings the number to a close. Cassell & Co., New York.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Buffon, the great naturalist, one day entertained a company of distinguished savants at dinner. At its conclusion they all went out into the garden. It was a very hot summer's day.

In the centre of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe, which one of the guests happened to touch with his hand, when he found, to his astonishment, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned towards the sun.

He then communicated the discovery to the other guests, who proceeded to verify the statement. What could be the cause?

An animated discourse ensued, in the course of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for the very strange paradox. At length our scientists agreed that it must be so, owing to the laws of reflection, repulsion, or exhalation, etc.

The host was, however, not quite convinced, and, calling the gardener, he said to him—

"Pray, tell us why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned towards the sun, if you can."

"Because just now I turned it round for fear of its cracking with the great heat," the man replied.

JUVENILE LITERARY GEMS.—A certain newspaper offered a prize for the best story written by a pupil in the public schools of the city where it was published, and, as a result, was deluged with all sorts of productions. It printed many of them and rejected more, but that its readers might not be deprived of considerable enjoyment it printed short extracts from some of the rejected manuscripts. Here are a few of these extracts. "Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "Norman was a dear, bright, but thin little boy." "But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "Eva was a pretty little girl, but not smart, being the only child." "She fell down, scattering her senses in every direction." "My father desired me to marry a bank cashier, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming table." "The minister's wife had nine small children, each of which was one year younger than the other."

TRUE love, as well as virtue, has this advantage—that we are rewarded for every sacrifice we make to it.

WHEN THE LIVER FAILS TO ACT, and you are bilious and out of sorts, use Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills to bring about a healthy action of the Liver, and remove all distressing symptoms.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.—General de Trobriand, in his book, "The Army of the Potomac," relates many incidents illustrating the influence of the imagination.

One poor fellow believed he had a ball in the head, and prepared to die on account of it. He died. Another, with his eye gone and his eyebrows burned off, thought nothing was the matter.

A third instance was that of a surgeon who had been allured into the army by a salary. He had been a man of luxurious habits, and found himself living without fire in a tent covered with snow.

He sought to make himself comfortable by building a fire in the open air, and toasting one side while the other froze. He could not get used to the meagre fare and no bed of the camp.

But the roaring of cannon ended his career. He became livid, trembling like a leaf; he shook at each detonation, and seemed about to lose his legs.

"I am a dead man!" he at last exclaimed, as if actually shot. "I must go away, or I am a dead man!"

And there had not been a shot anywhere near the division. He had to be carried to a hospital and discharged.

At Gettysburg a standard bearer staggered and fell back.

"Steady!" called the colonel.

"I am wounded," replied the color bearer," in a choking voice.

"Where?"

"In the throat."

The commander leaned over his horse and looked.

"It is nothing. I see no blood."

The soldier immediately retook his place, and lifted his flag. The ball had really struck him in the neck, but had bounded off his leather collar, and the shock had cooked him for a moment.

MODES OF SALUTATION.—In an island near the Philippines the natives take the hand or foot of him they salute and with it gently rub their face. The Laplanders salute each other by a vigorous rubbing of noses.

In New Guinea the aborigines place upon their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever with them been symbols of friendship and peace. There is something picturesque and graceful in this manner of salutation.

The Ethiopian host partially disrobes himself as a mark of distinguished honor to his guest. The Japanese peasantry take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals in the street and their stockings in the house as a sign of friendship.

Among the ancients, forms of salutation were sometimes in the shape of self-inflicted torture to the person who was saluting.

One tribe would open a vein and offer to a distinguished friend the blood to drink. The Franks tore hair from their head, and presented it to the person they wished to salute.

The Chinese are to this day singularly affected in their civilities, and their reverences and postures are calculated with the utmost nicety.

Nothing can be more extravagant than their complimentary speeches. If two friends meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees and touch the earth with their foreheads three or four times before exchanging a word.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers until the joints "crack" as a form of salutation, and one tribe, mentioned by Montaigne, have the curious fashion of showing friendship by standing back to back.

HEIRESSES are so plentiful just now that the fact that a little miss in Boston is growing up to inherit the largest fortune of any American woman passes unheeded, but an amusing story was told me recently of the child, which illustrated the care taken of her disposition.

She has not been allowed to know how brilliant are her prospects, but it appears that at the school she attends, a young person of tender years and yearning soul expressed herself as "wishing she was the rich" as her little friend.

Whereupon the mite, returning home, inquired whether she really was very rich. She was told that "some day, no doubt, she would have a large fortune." The child pondered a moment and then, exclaimed, "All right! Then couldn't I please have a penny now?"

England is called John Bull; but there is no sobriquet for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

By MUNKACSY.

THE original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Pretorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the figure of the Saviour, with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Cæsar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Caiaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a ruffian of the lowest type. He is shouting "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with deep interest. Between Christ and Caiaphas, sitting on a bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat and resting his head against the wall is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. A knot of old men is seated in an angle of the room to the left of the banker. They are apparently arguing Christ's claim that he is the promised Messiah. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms, and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people, and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. In the city of New York it was on exhibition several months, and was seen by hundreds of thousands of people.

THE PICTURE IS 21 by 28 INCHES, sufficient in size to allow ample scope for the display of the salient features of faces and forms, while the varied expressions of hate, fear, curiosity, compassion and reverence of those assembled are shown with a startling fidelity.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION or will refund the money to any one who is in the least dissatisfied, if the picture is returned in good order.

Remember, that only $2.00 secures a Ten Dollar Picture and also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST one year.

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STEREOTYPING.—The stereotyping process is very simple. The type being set, corrected, made into pages and fixed in a frame, is laid upon the stone or hard table used, face upward.

A little fine oil is brushed over it, to prevent the papier mache from adhering to the face of the type. The paper mache, which is used for making the matrix or mould, is formed by pasting upon a sheet of tough brown paper several sheets of tissue paper and a sheet of soft absorbent white paper.

It is made in sheets, and usually to make a matrix of the desired thickness several sheets are used. It is kept moist for use, and lightly covered with pulverized French chalk when laid upon the face of the type.

Then it is beaten with a stiff brush to force the soft paper into all the interstices of the type. Other sheets of the prepared paper are added to secure the desired thickness.

The whole is then covered with a woolen blanket and put into a press, the bed of which is moderately heated and the press screwed down.

The heat soon dries the matrix, which, when taken out of the press, is a stiff card, showing a perfect reversed impression of the types. A mould of metal is then taken from the matrix, in which the exact face of the types is reproduced for printing.

Stereotype metal is softer than ordinary type metal, and is made of a mixture of lead, antimony, and tin or bismuth. One of the best formulæ is said to be lead, nine parts; antimony, two parts; bismuth, one part.

When the plate is to be run on a rotary press, it is cast in a box which is curved inside, so that the form of the plate will fit the cylinder of the press, when complete.

This is the method of stereotyping plates in large newspaper offices, and an entire large plate can be made in a quarter of an hour or even less time.

The papier mache process was first used in France in 1848, and a few years later was put in use in New York. The quickness and cheapness of the process has brought it into general use, but for fine book work the plaster process is still employed, as giving a more perfect result.

This process was invented about 1731, and was used altogether until the invention of the papier mache method. By it the matrices are made of plaster of Paris, which is a slower and more costly way than making them of paper pulp, but produces a finer and much cleaner plate when finished.

Humorous.

TILL NEXT YEAR.

Luxuriant verdure decks the plains no more:
The days for outside sports are almost o'er;
The flies no more disturb the lowing train;
The organ-grinder leaves the rural lane.

The girls no more in hammocks doze or swing;
The angler no more lies about his string;
The players from the diamond disappear;
The umpire is safe until another year.

—U. N. NONA.

Put up or shut up—Umbrellas.

When lightning strikes it admits of no arbitration.

The eyes are the windows of the soul, but most of us have pains elsewhere.

The great difficulty about advice is the predominance of quantity over quality.

It is better to give than to receive. This relates especially to advice and medicine.

Some people change their minds every day and yet never have a decent one by them.

"I've had a great many trials in my time," remarked the veteran criminal, sadly.

Customer: "How much is that ring?" New jewelry clerk: "It's marked 18s. Eighteen cents, please."

In some houses where boarders are kept the weakness of the coffee is often offset by the strength of the butter.

The pug dog fills many a man with the disappointing thought that he might be handsome if he were only ugly enough.

Undertakers say there is no profit in burying an ice dealer. He knocks off all the perquisites by furnishing his own ice.

Meddler: "What is your business?" Cynicus: "Minding it." Meddler: "Minding what?" Cynicus: "My business."

The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find out how sadly mistaken he is.

"Yes," said the dentist, as he yanked away at the tooth regardless of his patient's yells, "a man is bound to succeed at his work, provided it is done with sufficient pains."

Jack: "Pay my check too, will you? I haven't anything in my pocket but a $20 bill?" Dick: "What kind of a bill is that?" Jack: "It's a bill for this suit of clothes I have on."

Mr. Fastandloose: "Marriage is a very serious business," Mr. Candid: "Are you contemplating it?" "I am." "Well, I should say it is a mighty serious business for the girl, whoever she is."

"There is ice in Greenland 6,000 feet thick," read Mr. Mumble in his evening paper. "That's just the way!" commented his wife. "I suppose it's so cold there they don't need it, either."

Guest, angrily: "Confound your awkwardness! You've spilt half that soup down my back." Waiter at restaurant, heartily: "Don't mind it, sir; I'll bring some more. Bless you, there's plenty of soup!"

Landlord: "Janitor, I hear a baby crying. I told you to rent no rooms in this flat to people with children." Janitor: "That 'un was born here." Landlord: "Please tell 'em that sort of thing must not be repeated."

Tubbs, recounting his experience at a musical party a few evenings previous: "They did not even ask me to sing. "Miss Whitelye, placidly: "You've sung there before, haven't you?" "Yes, once. Why?" "Oh, nothing!"

Circumlocution: "How does it happen that the Baron's affairs grow all the time worse? Don't his people look after the advantage of their lord?" "Yes, of course, but when they have found it they put it in their own pockets."

A man with an office in town dodged out, and left a sign on the door reading: "Gone out—back in five minutes." When he returned he found the following request written below: "If you do, please wait, as I have a bill a year old against you."

Mrs. Hall-Roome, who has advertised for lodgers: "It's quite a musical neighborhood. Professor Tinkler's school just across the way, and every house on this side has a piano." Goth Van-Vandall, with ill-concealed anxiety: "And—er—how about cats?"

Stranger, at the door: "I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy." Servant: "Really, sir, I don't know—" Voice, from head of stairs: "Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."

Misunderstood. A young man walking along Broad street started into a saloon. He went as far as the door, stopped, hesitated, turned and walked away. A religious exhorter, noting his action, hastened after him, and placing his hand on the young man's shoulder began to praise his moral courage, etc. "O, that isn't it," said the youth; "but you see he doesn't keep as good beer as Billy does," and he stepped into another resort, leaving the horrified dominie with a text for his Sunday sermon.

STUDENTS, Teachers (male or female), Clergymen, and others in need of change of employment, should not fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

THE HOLY CITY.—Recent letters from Jerusalem refer to the very large number of Jews flocking there to reside from all parts of the world. The city more and more assumes the aspect of a city of Hebrews, and contains to-day more of them than of Christians and Mohammedans combined. This influx of Jews to the Holy City has, however, its unsatisfactory side. The committee (of which a leading member of the Rothschild family is a leading member) formed to facilitate the return of Jews, more especially Russian and Polish, to the land of their origin, contemplated their engaging in agricultural pursuits, but to these Jews have as a rule, an aversion, and hence a large majority who were to have been delving and planting are thronging the streets and lanes of Jerusalem.

WANTED ALL.—The Illinois representative who arose to a question of privilege last spring to deny the printed report that he had drunk water from a finger-bowl at a fashionable dinner, is reported to be again in a protesting mood. While attending the Chicago Exposition, a few days ago, he strolled into a fashionable restaurant and called for oysters. He did not designate the style of service further than to indicate that he wanted them raw. They were brought to him on the half-shell. Looking at them with a puzzled air he wanted to know how they were fixed.

"On the half-shell, sir," said the waiter.

"Take them back, then," said the Legislator. "I pay full prices and want full measure. Bring me the whole shell or nothing."

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have thus worked have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old of either sex. You can work all the time or in spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $100 per month. Great workers, under the most favorable conditions, earn $20 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work for us. Whatever you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this royal chance. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and more. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you rest, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. TRUE & Co., Box 1260, Augusta, Maine.

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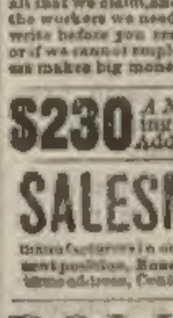

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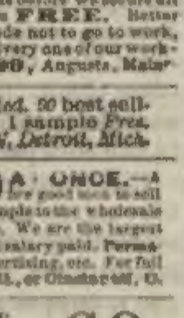
Premier Artists IN HAIR.



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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
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No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

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TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

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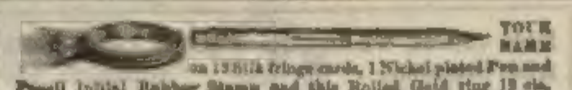

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Cross out with pencil the size desired. Bust, 34, 36, 38, or 40 inches.

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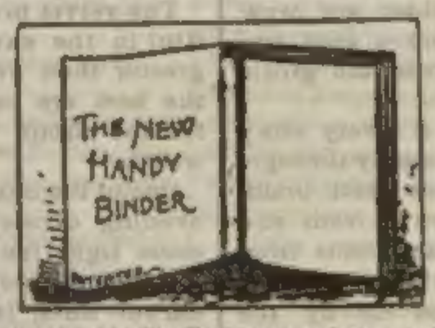

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST. If it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

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This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2 00.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENT. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every house in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Notwithstanding the general tendency towards simplicity in dress, it is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that extreme, austere simplicity has not many adherents.

A few ladies of high position have adopted the plainest costumes for street wear, but there is a tinge of affectation about this fashion, and it is not likely to become popular.

The skirt is plain, full and untrimmed, and mounted with a few rows of gathers; the corsage is cut without a seam at the back, the fronts are draped on the bust, and both the fronts and back are finely gathered at the waist into a space of less than an inch.

This, carried out in plain woollen in an intermediate shade, certainly forms a practical costume, but its warmest advocate could not possibly say anything more in its favor.

A great change is produced, however, when the plain costume is enriched with embroidery, or some kind of trimming, as in a white cashmere dress for a young lady, made with a plain skirt drawn closely round the figure in front, and with the whole of the fulness thrown into two large pleats at the back; in this dress the edge of the skirt all round is enriched with an arabesque pattern in fine gold embroidery.

The Moyen-âge corselet bodice, cut square over a finely pleated chemisette of embroidered net lined with surah, and the sleeves puffed at the shoulder are ornamented with gold galon, and a gold embroidered aumoniere falls from the girdle of gold galon.

Another plain dress is in a lovely silky gray woollen, striped horizontally throughout with close rows of narrow steel braid. The skirt clings to the figure in front and at the sides, and falls in easy folds from the gathers at the back; the entire absence of tournure is compensated for by the four long sash ends, without loops, that fall from the gray moire ribbon waistband.

Simplicity tempered by magnificence in this manner would commend itself to all of us, if it were not unfortunately a little too expensive to be habitually indulged in; but there are happily other fashions of a less costly nature that are well within the means of all, and that are universally becoming, and undeniably ladylike and pretty.

One of these modes is the extensive use that is made of white fabrics in combination with colored materials.

Costumes of all kinds are thus composed, but the most striking and stylish are the tailor-made dresses with under-skirts, waistcoats and other corsage ornaments in ivory or parchment-white cloth of fine texture.

In some models the whole of the under-skirt is white, showing beneath the edge of the colored skirt, and on each side in the form of fan pleatings between the slightly draped long square tablier and the plain pleats of the back breadths.

More economical and practical costumes have the under-skirt of the colored cloth bordered a little way above the edge, or close to the edge, with a band of white cloth from six to eight inches wide. In all cases the corsage ornaments are white.

Toilettes for more dressy occasions are made of finer woollens, such as voile and mousseline de laine, with a finely pleated panel on the left side of surah or moire silk, or of embroidered material; when the dress is of foulard the panel is of white voile, the material as well as the color being contrasted.

No prettier fashion than this mixture of white and colored materials has been inaugurated for some time past, and white harmonizes with all colors.

Amongst other fashionable materials are crepe de Chine, silk gauze and foulard of the most delightfully supple texture, and in colors that are a delight to the eye.

A dress of burnt sienna foulard, with narrow gold-colored stripes, is made with a clinging skirt slightly trained at the back, and a plain bodice with a pointed sash of wide moire ribbon falling at the back in loops without ends.

The sleeves are puffed at the shoulder, but very tight-fitting at the wrist, and the deep collar and turned-back cuffs are of Irish point lace.

There promises to be an immense demand for fancy velvets. No wonder, for the new productions "are things of beauty, and a joy forever."

Many of the patterns are large, many are thrown on armure grounds, many on thick satin, and some patterns are entirely in frise velvet, while others show plain and frise blended.

The number of black fancy velvets is large, and these are used for dresses and trains as well as for mantles. All the patterns and varieties can be had in black and white.

But there are some that are exclusively black or white. The newest in black have a bold fancy brocade of large flowers thrown on a deep velvet pile so thick as to be almost like plush.

Another beautiful design in black has wide stripes of alternate satin and armure, in which is a velvet and frise pattern in leaves, the frise so well managed that it gives the appearance of shading.

The new velvet for mantles includes black matelasse with velvet brocades, and others where the groundwork of the matelasse has the pattern outlined in a thread of color, such as green or red, gold or blue. A bold silk brocatelle ground has a leaflike pattern in velvet thrown upon it.

A great novelty is a brocatelle ground and a large but open design all over of a Persian character, the ground black or some dark shade, the pattern in a Paisley shawl design or mixture.

Some of the richest matelasses are also to be had in combinations of black and white, acajou blue and brown, slate, mouse and Esterhazy.

Doulette is another rich mantle stuff, multicolored, with a matelasse pattern thrown in silk, in dark myrtle and slate as well as black.

The velvet brocades for dresses are beautiful in the extreme, and the variety is greater than ever seen before. Many of the best are only intended to be used for the front breadth; some only for trains.

One of the most beautiful materials for evening dresses has a satin ground in some light tone—Nil, for example. On this are stripes of velvet and frise in darker tints, laid on a white frise-like lace; the flowers, small and in satin brocade, are pink, and this is repeated in other colorings.

A sage-green matelasse ground, with a darker tone of brocade upon it, makes a truly magnificent gown.

There are several rich materials with satin ground and plain narrow velvet stripes, and the floral design in frise of a somewhat lighter shade than the velvet stripes. Then, again, bold velvet patterns are thrown on armure grounds in one pure tone.

Large frise velvet patterns have been produced in brown and gold on green, in terra-cotta and gold on black, and in bottle-green and fawn on brown, and many other varieties.

Still, there are few more lovely than the gold Venetian brocades in frise and velvet on a satin ground, all of one tone. A tender electric-blue shows this style off to perfection.

Large detached Marguerites in frise, veined with velvet and attached to velvet leaves thrown on satin, are all good, and another much to be praised has a satin ground in reseda.

In others the velvet leaves are in a darker tone, outlined with pink matching a tiny trailing pattern of jessamine in the same pure pink.

The fashionable colors are a new tone of apple-green and a new chartreuse, which is the exact tint of the inside of a peapod; and mica is quite new, a yellowish bronze, with a dash of mustard thrown in, bright and really beautiful and most becoming to brunettes.

Antelope is good, so is crenette, light yellows and several grays. Mousse is still quite popular, and serpentine. De Vinci is a new and beautiful tint of the heliotrope tone, or rather petunia, which was worn eight years ago, and is now once more to the fore, and many new shades of yieux rose will be worn.

Odds and Ends.

THE COOKING OF PIGEONS, ETC.

Pigeon Roti.—Put in the body of the pigeon a small lump of butter and a pinch of salt, truss it, put a vine leaf over the breast, and tie a slice of bacon fat over that; roast from twenty to twenty-five minutes, basting with some butter mixed with a few drops of vinegar. Serve with gravy.

Pigeons en Compote.—Truss two pigeons and put a lump of butter in each. Set a stewpan over the fire, with an ounce of butter in it, cut some slices of bacon in dice, cook them a few minutes in the butter, then put in the pigeons; turn them about and cook for five minutes, add a little flour, stir it until it is gold color; continue stirring while you add some broth, a little white wine, a small lump of sugar, bunch of herbs, parsley, bay leaf, some grated nutmeg, pepper and salt; cover the stewpan, and let the pigeons cook slowly. Brown a dozen and a half small onions in butter with a pinch of white sugar; when the pigeons are half cooked add the onions and then minutes after add one dozen small uncooked mushrooms. Before serving remove the herbs, parsley and bay leaf; skim the gravy and serve the pigeons with the garniture and fried bread round and the sauce poured over.

Pate Chaud de Pigeons a la Bourgeoise.—Cut two or three pigeons in quarters, put them in a stewpan with butter or good lard and a teaspoonful of finely-chopped onion. Cook a few minutes over a brisk fire, adding half a pound of pickled pork cut in small pieces, and some salsify, half cooked and thinly sliced, season with pepper and salt; when the pigeons are still remove from the fire. Line a pie-dish with a thin crust of "pate brisee," fill it with the pigeons, pork and salsify, pour in one-third of a pint of cold, good-thickened gravy, cover with a moderately thick crust of the same paste; brush the outside over with egg, and bake for one hour in a moderately hot oven.

Pigeons en Matelote.—Put the pigeons in a stewpan with a lump of butter and some thin pieces of bacon, sift in a little flour, stir until it is a pale brown, then moisten with half broth and half red wine; add some mushrooms, small onions that have been browned in butter, a lump of sugar, and a bunch of sweet herbs, in which is tied a clove of garlic and some parsley. When the pigeons are tender, remove the bunch of herbs, skim the gravy, put each pigeon on a small oval piece of fried bread, pour the sauce over and serve.

Pigeons Farcis (stuffed pigeons).—Chop a quarter of a pound of calf's or sheep's kidney, add the livers of the pigeons and three ounces of chopped bacon, a teacupful of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of finely chopped onions and the same of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and two yolks of eggs; with this forcemeat stuff two pigeons; truss them, fasten a slice of bacon over each, and either roast them before a fire or in the stewpan, basting them well.

Pigeons a la Minute.—Cut the pigeons in halves, fry them in a stewpan in butter; when they are colored and half done, add mushrooms, parsley and shalots (all chopped), pepper and salt; when the pigeons are done enough put them on a dish and keep them hot. Pour a little broth into the stewpan, and with a wooden spoon stir the brown from the bottom of it; add a little white wine and a very small lump of sugar, boil the sauce up, and pour it over the pigeons.

Croutes aux Rognons de Mouton (sheep's kidneys).—Cut some slices of crumb of bread, half an inch thick; trim them into pieces about three inches long and two inches wide; cut a little of the thickness from the centre of each piece of bread on one side, fry them and keep them hot. Take some calf's, lamb's, or sheep's kidneys, skin them and roast in a stewpan with a little butter or fat from the kidneys; when done, take them out and put in an equal quantity of mushrooms cut in dice, shake them for a minute in the stewpan, then put in a little water and stew the mushrooms until done, then remove the fat; cut the kidneys like the mushrooms, put them back in the stewpan; season, add a little thick white sauce, a little piece of glaze, and one or two tablespoons of cream; a little nutmeg may be added or not as liked. Fill the crusts with this, heaping the centres; smooth them over, cover with fine breadcrumbs, sprinkle with oiled butter, brown the tops with a salamander, and serve.

Petit Caisses de Ris d'Agneau (little cases of lamb's sweetbread).—Boil some lamb's sweetbreads five minutes, dry them and divide each in three pieces. Put a lump of butter in a stewpan, with a few sweet herbs and a little chopped parsley, add a small quantity of thick sauce, put in the sweetbreads, and let them finish cooking. Take sufficient china ramekin cases, butter them, and line them with quenelle forcemeat; stand them in a stewpan in boiling water to poach the forcemeat, then fill with the sweetbreads and sauce, put a thin cover of the quenelle meat over, bake until set, then brush the tops over with a little thick brown sauce, or with melted glaze; put them back in the oven for two minutes, and serve.

Rice and Apple Pudding.—Boil a cupful of rice in a pint of water or milk till quite tender. Half fill a pie-dish with peeled, cored and cut-up apples, and sugar to taste. Put the rice thickly over them to form a crust, and bake for one hour.

Confidential Correspondents.

ERROR.—England pays subsidies to all her lines of steamships, for which she has a right to use them in time of war.

NELSON.—We know nothing regarding the institution or concern you speak of, and would strongly recommend your having nothing whatever to do with it.

H. E.—Benzine will clean your silk ties; when dry, iron them on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. If only a little soiled, bread, or starch made warm, will answer.

INTEREST.—The cost of a marriage license is 50 cents when both contracting parties are of age. If one is a minor 50 cents additional is charged for a certificate of consent from parent or guardian.

LICENSE.—A druggist cannot sell alcohol without a prescription, except for scientific, mechanical or medical purposes. He can only sell brandy or whisky lawfully upon a written prescription of a registered physician.

LEROY.—A gentleman's visiting card should be of plain white cardboard, about three inches long and an inch and a half wide. The present fashion is to have the entire name spelled out in full, engraved in plain script, with, of course, the prefix "Mr."

DOUBTFUL.—We think that you had better dismiss your admirer altogether. His conduct is at best very suspicious. We very much doubt whether he has any intentions of making you his wife. Perhaps it is fortunate for you that you have been so prudent.

R. L. S.—Tell the young woman that you love her and ask her to marry you. If she consents put the money question before her and be guided by her judgment. Your salary is sufficient to live comfortably on, and she will think so if she is a girl that will make you a good wife.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Rub the surface of the metal with rottenstone and sweet oil; rub off with a piece of cotton flannel, and then polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish and renders the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the brass rubbed with whiting and soft leather.

TROUBLESOME.—If your toes curve upwards as you describe, you must have them fastened down on little splints to try and keep them straight. If that does not answer, you must show your foot soon to a doctor, as it might be necessary to divide the contracting tendons, which is not a serious operation, but is better done as early as possible if it is to be successful.

ALAMANAC.—St. Laurence, was assassinated by the soldiers of the Emperor Valerian, and his body roasted on a gridiron. The Church of the Escurial at Rome, dedicated to him, is built in the form of a gridiron. St. Lawrence is the tutelary saint of the Spaniards. In the reign of Constantine the Great, a church was built over his tomb on the road to Tiber. It is one of the five patriarchal churches in Rome.

HENRY H.—Your case is not uncommon. The hair in many diseases falls off entirely, so you are not an exception. We would advise you to get a wig. A head like a door-knob, particularly in so young a man, would certainly be disagreeable in society, and wigs are now made with such art and fidelity to nature that it is impossible to tell the difference. And considering their utility and the comfort they bring, we would consider them cheap no matter what they cost.

W. K.—A motion to adjourn is always in order, but it may not be made at any time. There may never be objection made to such a motion, but a motion can only be made by a mover, and the mover of any motion must be in order as well as the motion. The mover would not be in order if he attempted to make such a motion during roll-call, or at other unsuitable times and seasons. The objection would not be to what he wanted done, but to him personally and his manner of doing it.

H. W.—The commercial and business colleges of the country are not, so far as our experience goes, humbugs. On the contrary, they generally perform all they claim to do. Of course there may be among them some establishments which promise more than they do in the matter of giving a business education, but we are unable to speak from personal experience. 2. In congratulating newly married friends it is usual to say that you wish them much joy or happiness.

W. R.—You ask why young gentlemen and ladies like small feet and hands, and take such torturing pains to obtain the former by means of tight boots or shoes. Because they are foolishly considered aristocratic. There never was a greater mistake than this; because many born in the lower ranks of life have been remarkable for these admired points of beauty. If a foot or hand is well shaped and in proportion to the body, it is sufficient. Deformity may be expressed in too diminutive feet or hands, considered as the rest of the figure, as much as if they were too large.

ROSA.—Flirts do not deserve much pity, and therefore we have very little for you. If you do not care how many hearts you break, how can you expect sympathy and advice when you find that your lovers have left you? We have frequently written against the system which seems to be the fashion of the time, in which young ladies, for the sake of mere fun, keep company with gentlemen they do not care a particle about, and when the ripeness of the young man's love bursts, and he declares his passion, his absurdity is laughed at, and he is dismissed—to made room for another. There is a Nemesis, however, that is bound to follow, and you will some day perhaps find yourself as heart-stricken and as despairing as the lovers that you have so unmercifully cast off. Alter your tactics before it is too late.

DON.—Your first question would have to be decided before considering the second. You say you are engaged to a young lady to whom your parents have a great dislike, and ought you to break off your engagement or keep it against your parents' wishes? You should have considered their wishes before you became engaged; but now that you are so, and if there is no real grounds for their dislike, it will be your best plan to try to establish more amicable relations between them and the young lady, asking her to do her utmost to please them. We presume you are attached to the young lady, and in your second query you ask advice concerning a rival whose attentions are not appreciated by either your fiancee or you. If you wish your engagement to continue, you would certainly have a right to request his to discontinue his unwelcome attentions.